Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

JANUARY, 1918

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"THANK GOD FOR WILSON"

THE PRESIDENT AT HIS BEST

BY THE EDITOR

We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.

Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness;

And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace;

Above all, taking the shield of faith * * *

This was the resolute adjuration addressed by the great Apostle to the distracted Ephesians nearly two thousand years ago, and this is the unflinching message of our own chosen leader upon the eve of the most crucial year in the history of our country and of the world. The die is cast irrevocably and there is no middle course. The powers of light must prevail over, or succumb to, the rulers of darkness. "Only a miracle can bring peace," declares Maximilian Harden; "either Germany must be crushed or her enemies must be defeated; there is no alternative." And Harden speaks the truth,—as we speak the truth when we repeat what we said last month: that at no time since the battle of the Marne has the outlook been as black as it is today. Advantages gained in sporadic battles, such as that of General Byng, only to be lost immediately in full or in large part, avail nothing. Not only in the East, where Russia and Roumania are releasing millions of trained German soldiers for service elsewhere, but on the decisive Western front, the situation is bad, bad, bad.

Cheering assurances we receive without number from honest but incompetent observers, but they have small basis in fact. The allied forces are not in condition to withstand with surety or confidence the terrific onslaught which Germany is bound to make within six months. As we have said over and over again, *America* must win the war, and there is not a month, not a week, not a day, not an hour, to be lost.

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The great crisis may come at any moment between January and July.

It is a fearful responsibility that Fate has put upon the President, and he has the sympathies and the prayers of millions, but it is none the less maddening that he should persist in attempting to bear the whole burden alone. Again we implore him to abolish the latest makeshift for a War Council, comprising overworked heads of departments, charged to meet *once a week,* and draw to his aid the five biggest minds in the country—men of the calibre of Chief Justice Edward D. White and Elihu Root—and hold them at work *every day* and *every hour* that may be within the range of physical possibilities. Surely if, as the President plainly warned our Allies, unified direction is essential abroad, it is no less a requisite at home.

Readers of this REVIEW need not be reminded that, within a month after war was declared, we directed the attention of the President to the fact that every Power in conflict had been "driven to this recourse" and depicted as "the overpowering and pressing need" such a "concentration of direction of manifold divergent forces" as would constitute "a combined sieve and buffer" and enable him to achieve effective co-ordination. Now, after six long months, we read limply in the Washington dispatches that "as the war has progressed the need of a more effective co-ordination of effort has become increasingly evident," that "heads of departments have looked at problems only with the idea in mind of solving their special difficulties," and that "this lack of teamwork, with its resultant reduction in efficiency, is responsible for the decision to establish a new War Council," consisting of the six members of the old Board of National *Defense* and five additional supernumeraries.

Bitter experience enforced reluctant and belated admission of the necessity, but, alas, the change is not for better, but for worse. The larger the body, of course, the less useful it is bound to be. In point of fact, the new Council is not a Council at all; it is a weekly town meeting "held every Monday morning," when of all times each member should be at his desk. Nobody possessed of a grain of common sense can fail to realize that such a contrivance is useless as of the present and hopeless for the future;—a doubly discouraging circumstance because—

What this Government needs is vision.

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No whit less vital than the present urgency is heed to the future. Of what avail are "all the resources of the civilized world" if those resources are not utilized? Our Allies are dragging into service every conceivable aid in Europe and India and Africa, but they look perforce to the United States to muster South America and Japan, and even perhaps China. The President must realize that; he has vision, splendid, wide and far-reaching; but how can that vision be brought into action while smothered, as now it surely is, in a mass of details?

It is only fair, moreover, to warn the Government that the remark is becoming far too common that everything this Administration does is "partisan, petty and personal." Denying, as we do with indignation, all such accusations, we nevertheless cannot fail to recognize the wisdom, even the necessity, of taking most scrupulous care to lend no color to such aspersions. In a time like this, when feelings are tense and hearts are being wrung, when political ambitions and personal jealousies are rife and when even the flimsiest of excuses are sought by the wilfully discontented, every act of a great leader should not only be but luminously and unmistakably *appear to be* disinterested and noble. In no other way can a great people be kept as wholly united as the President believes this Nation now to be.

Needless to remark, these reflections pertain only to acts having to do with the practical prosecution of the war which are susceptible of wilful misinterpretation or of unwarranted inference. In power and lucidity of expression the President stands today without a peer,—a fact universally acclaimed in appreciation of his latest declaration and overshadowed only by his amazing ability, unsurpassed since Jefferson, of voicing the inmost aspirations of the American people. To them, of course, in a technical sense, through their Congress, the great Message of December 4th was spoken, but none the less, in reality, it was addressed to the whole world, to our Allies and to our enemies alike. While its chief significance lay in the serving of notice upon the foes of civilization that the Scotch-Irish, American, Presbyterian heel is rooted in the ground, it breathed a spirit of magnanimity for which, in like circumstances, one may search history in vain for a precedent. Humanity was its foundation and democracy its keystone. It was directed "not against flesh and blood

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but against principalities" and "the rulers of darkness."

Therein we find the underlying and most vital distinction between the thoughts and purposes of the English Marquis and the American President. Lord Lansdowne would treat with the German autocracy, Mr. Wilson with the German people; the one, as the undisputed leader of the British aristocracy, would recognize as an equal only a governing class corresponding to his own; the other, pre-eminent as the head of the greatest Republic, can hear only "the voices of humanity that come from the hearts of men everywhere." To impute unworthy motives to the most experienced statesman of England, backed not only by his own powerful class which has contributed its all in men and money to the great cause but also by the foremost minds of the Liberal party, headed by Mr. Asquith and Mr. Gilbert Murray, is the height of absurdity. Not lack of patriotism, but the effect of tradition, the point of view, quite likely in no small degree apprehension of the menace to aristocracy signified by the outburst in Russia, constituted the root of Lord Lansdowne's proposal on behalf of a group which would be the last but one in the world to fight to "make the world safe for democracy."

In point of fact, Lord Lansdowne's suggestion of a restatement of war aims as a matter of policy differed in no respect, upon its face, from the actual proposal from Russia which the President's personal representative supported in conference; it was the hidden meaning, the covert assault upon the dashing element now in political control that brought down upon his head the objurgations of Northcliffe and Lloyd George. To our mind the incident, slight as it may seem, presages in England, simultaneously with the return of the millions of soldiers, a fresh outbreak of the unending and irrepressible conflict between classes and masses, between ancient, rooted aristocracy and modern, eager democracy,—a strife from which even an inoffensive and impotent royalty can hardly escape unscathed.

Far more surprising to us than his call for a declaration of war upon Austria, an inevitable happening sooner or later, was the President's thinly veiled threat of economic ostracism of Germany to follow a military settlement. When the fact became known, some two years ago, that a similar programme had been adopted at a secret conference of the British and French in Paris, the outcry against it as unduly and unwisely vindictive was so strongly intensified by the marked disap-

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proval of the American Government that Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey hastily abandoned the idea, and it has never since been heard of. We can picture the amazement of the original sponsors at the revival of the proposition by the President himself in foreseeing "untoward circumstances" which might render impossible the admission of Germany "to the free economic intercourse which must inevitably spring out of the other partnerships of a real peace."

That was going far but, even so, hardly farther than what has been generally interpreted as a demand for the overthrow of both the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs as a *sine qua non* of negotiations. No ultimatum such as that has ever been presented or even hinted at by either Britain, France or Italy; it seems, moreover, to be negatived by the President's plain assertions that "we intend no interference in the internal affairs" of Germany and that "we do not wish in any way to impair or to re-arrange the Austro-Hungarian empire." It is a nice point at best and one so vital as bearing upon our fundamental traditions, no less than upon our future attitude, that we wish the President might have spoken with such definiteness as would have rendered misconstruction impossible. We are convinced, however, that all he meant to convey was that the United States could have no dealings with a Government whose pledges are worthless or with a vassal of such a Government. There he stands upon solid ground; further he could not go without violating unbroken American policy. How the peoples of the two countries shall remedy the existing defects, whether by deposing or by controlling their present rulers, "is no affair of ours"; the only "ultimatum" is that it must be done before they can resume their places in the family of self-respecting nations. That is all.

Not the least of the many merits of the great paper are its noticeable omissions. A less sagacious and wide-reaching mind, striving for popular approval, would have been sorely tempted to pile Ossia upon Pelion by recounting at length the specific grievances of individual States. The President did none of this. While depicting clearly a true conception of the inherent right of every well-defined community, great or small, to life and liberty and pursuit of happiness and while voicing sympathy with those who have suffered most and whose opportunities for natural development are unfairly restricted, he did not pretend by even the faintest sug-

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gestion that America would have gone to war to avenge either Serbia or Belgium, to restore Alsace-Lorraine, to give Trieste to Italy, to re-establish Poland, to save France or to protect England,—he knew full well that the American people would never have held any one or two or three of these objects to constitute adequate cause for intervention.

He did not even recur, except by vaguest indirection, to an assumed obligation upon our part to "make the world free for democracy," having doubtless, upon reflection, reached the correct conclusion that, in setting an example of free government at its best and in affording a refuge for all oppressed human beings, America performs her full and most effective part in the service of mankind. Nor did he even refer to the rapacity of Germany in seeking to acquire the railroad from Berlin to Bagdad—a doubtful grievance which clearly outgrew its proper perspective in the Buffalo speech, —possibly because he imagined the smile that would illumine the face of Uncle Samuel if, by chance, some day, we should decide to build a road through Mexico into South America, and Germany or Britain should protest against our reaching out for unlimited power in the Western hemisphere.

Brushing all incidentals aside, with a wide sweep and a bold brush the President portrayed the great issue of Human Freedom versus Human Slavery as it has never been presented before. From the imperishable document which has issued from his mind and heart nothing should be taken away and to it nothing need be added. The case is made for all the world and is complete.

"Our present and immediate task is to win the war, and nothing shall turn us aside from it until it is accomplished."

*"Stand therefore * * * taking the shield of faith."*

Those querulous persons who constantly bemoan as unfortunate the President's acknowledged habit of depriving himself of valuable information, which they would be only too happy to convey, by communing chiefly with himself must have waked up when their eyes lit upon this spirited utterance in the famous Message to Congress:

> I hear the voices of dissent—who does not? I hear the criticism and the clamor of the noisily thoughtless and troublesome. I also see men here and there fling themselves in impotent disloyalty against the calm, indomitable power of the nation. I hear men debate peace who understand neither its nature nor the way in which we may

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attain it, with uplifted eyes and unbroken spirits. But I know that none of these speaks for the nation. They do not touch the heart of anything. They may safely be left to strut about their uneasy hour and be forgotten.

That is to say that, without claiming to possess the amazing agility which enables Mr. Bryan to "hold both ears to the ground," the President would have it understood that he is not deaf and that, even though the windows be shut and fastened, he can hear, possibly through the cat-hole in the back door, what is going on outside. Whom, if anybody, in particular, we wonder, had he in mind? Those who "here and there fling themselves in impotent disloyalty" against "calm, indomitable power" might readily be identified with the notorious "little group of wilful men" and we can easily visualize the revered Doctor Eliot, happily not now an ambassador, as one whose peace debates can be viewed serenely "with uplifted eyes and unbroken spirits." The badger lafollette, too, appears luminously upon the political horizon at the head of the restless beings who "strut about their uneasy hour" and who, in common with the President, we hope, with less assurance than we should like to feel, may soon "be forgotten."

But whence issues "the criticism and the clamor of the noisily thoughtless and troublesome,"—or should it have been the thoughtlessly noisy? That is what puzzles us. We cannot recall any noticeably strident outbursts; indeed, all things considered, we should say that folks generally have kept pretty quiet. Can it be that the President was thinking of our best beloved Colonel? It is possible. Although never quite what you would call noisy, the Colonel is no pussyfooter in walk or in speech; in fact, we can think of few sounds so penetrating as his sibilant whisper. He may be a bit troublesome, too, at times; he certainly tries to be; but thoughtless? oh, no; as between Presidents, we should hardly say that. And yet, as we canvass the names of offenders to whom the term might have been applied in a moment of petulance and resort to the trustworthy process of elimination, we find nobody else left, as he himself would remark, in the ring. We guess the Colonel is the man.

Well, seriously, it is too bad. The time is not far distant when the Government will need all the help it can get from every intelligent and patriotic leader of men and from none more than from Mr. Roosevelt, whose personal following is

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still the greatest and most devoted in the country. We wonder sometimes whether the President appreciates how many hundreds of thousands of loyal citizens feel a sense of personal tragedy in the shelving of one who must be regarded as the most generally recognized, if not actually the foremost, patriot in the land, in this hour of the Nation's greatest peril. Because the country acquiesced in the President's correct judgment that only professional soldiers should be entrusted with high commands in France, it does not follow and it is not the fact that the country is pleased to have Mr. Roosevelt ignored or is unaware of the value of the unique service which he might render.

While deprecating, as we do, speculation as to "what might have been," it is folly to disregard the lessons of experience in seeking true guidance for the future. The Root Mission to Russia was doomed to failure from the start, partly through the socialistic propaganda from this country, aided and abetted by the racial activities of Mr. Samuel Untermyer, known then to be an intimate counsellor and now, in fact, a member of the Administration, and partly through Russian ignorance which visualized our foremost statesman as a representative of capitalism. Whether Mr. Roosevelt, who was immune to all such accusations and is the only American whose name is familiar to any considerable number of peasants and workingmen, could have saved the situation is perhaps a question, but there can be no doubt whatever that his great fame and powerful personality would have enhanced the possibility enormously. And, strictly between ourselves, we doubt if he would have ever come back, to become "noisily troublesome" as either a critic or a candidate.

But let that pass. As matters now stand, we have paid out, "on acct. Russia," nearly two hundred million dollars, to no effective purpose whatever, and are "holding up" a hundred and fifty millions more, already allotted but not likely to be delivered until some basis for the rosy hopes and "faith in the Russian people" intermittently heralded by the State Department shall put in an appearance. So far as one can perceive, we are waiting, Micawber-like and quite impotently, for "something to turn up." Is that wise? Can nothing be done or even attempted? Too late! Nonsense! It is never too late to try. Some thought and still think that we were somewhat slow in entering the great war

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for civilization and in preparing to do so effectively, but if the President is right, as we trust he may be, in his assurance that now "as a Nation we are united in spirit and intention," surely it was "better late than never."

May it not be so in this case? Consider! We have just reversed our traditional Eastern policy to accommodate Japan; we have acknowledged the rightfulness of her claim to special privileges in China, without consulting China and against China's protest; surely Japan cannot be ungrateful for the one great concession which she has sought in vain for years. Japan, moreover, is our ally—or should we say co-belligerent?—and occupies a position more like to our own than any other nation; Japan claims to be eager to do more than she is doing in the war; Japan has an army of millions of trained soldiers, a large portion of whom are in Manchuria; Japan is pleading constantly, through her visiting Missions, for an opportunity to co-operate along all lines with the United States.

Why not give her the chance? Why not send to Tokio immediately a competent Mission to devise ways and means by which the two nations may jointly strive to serve the great cause by inducing and helping Russia to strike Germany in the East,—if not this year or the next, in the year following or in the year following that? It is wholly practicable. What one country lacks in material or men the other possesses, and both can build ships to traverse the open Pacific highway. The sole requisite is the inspiration, leadership and driving force of a Theodore Roosevelt, a former President, as the head of a Mission, whose mere arrival in Japan, testifying recognition as an equal and the friendship of a sister State, would be celebrated as no event has been acclaimed since the triumphant return of Togo. It would be much to ask of him at this late day, we confess, but he would go. He may not have the technical qualifications of a corps commander, but Our Colonel is a true soldier; neither slacker nor quitter, and a patriot from top to toe; as he has given all four of his sons, so would he give himself without a murmur.

But if, for some diplomatic reason which we cannot conjecture, Japan's proffered co-operation must be rejected and Russia is to be left to the tender mercies of two American attachés, whose conflicting declarations necessitate repudia-

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tion at frequent intervals by the State Department, what of South America as a field for effective endeavor by one of Mr. Roosevelt's great prestige? Surely, if given time and encouragement, the twelve Latin-American countries which have severed relations with Germany could accord invaluable assistance to the Allies in supplies and even in men. Brazil alone has increased her army of 35,000 soldiers to 200,000 and has many more available in reserve, fully equipped with artillery and rifles and lacking only machinery for the manufacture of ammunition which this country could furnish. Thanks to the sagacity and influence of Ambassador da Gama, moreover, her fidelity to the common cause is unquestioned. Argentina, with her vast productive capacity, still quivers in the balance, but no nation has better cause for war upon the ruthless Huns who would leave "no trace" of her ships and men, and one cannot doubt the spirit of the people when a great popular journal like *El Diario,* commenting upon the latest Message to Congress, acclaims the President "the evangelist of democracy" and adds:

> With men such as this at its head the great Nation of the North can march to glory unimpeded. Modern democracy has found its prophet. The message clearly shows that peace will be the task of the people, not of the governments, and that the war is purely one against imperialism. President Wilson's words must resound throughout the world, and in no place more than in the Americas.

The danger lies in the neglect and inattention of "the great Nation of the North," to which these countries look for inspiration and leadership. Months ago Director General John Barrett of the Pan-American Union warned the Government of the urgent need of counteracting the effect of German propaganda throughout South America, produced evidence of the activities of a swarm of German agents whose efforts might "completely nullify all the apparent advantages of Pan-American co-operation and support in the war" and pleaded for the dispatch of a Mission to co-ordinate the work of the twelve belligerents and to combat the enemy in the eight remaining neutral countries. The Cologne *Volkszeitung* bears out Mr. Barrett's assertion by insisting that no efforts be spared to intensify and increase the existing "dislike of Americans" by convincing the people of Argentina and Brazil that the United States "has not gone into the field purely for commercial reasons but for political ones."

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Again we ask: Is there not here an opportunity for Mr. Roosevelt, as the head of a Mission fully supported by the Government, to render immense service to the country, not only during but, in its continuing effect, after the war?

Again, too, as before, we inquire: If, for some inexplicable reason, South America, like Russia and Japan, is a prohibited zone, is there not work to be done at home which nobody can do as well as our best beloved Colonel? Just at present we are not only in the honeymoon of the war but in a flush of enthusiasm over the President's thrilling declaration. But that condition cannot continue. There will come lulls in America as there have come lulls in England and in France. It is not going to be a simple or easy task to maintain a high pitch of patriotic fervor throughout a vast country containing a hundred millions of diverse and partly hostile nationalities. People grow weary and listless as they become accustomed to changed and none too agreeable circumstances. Abroad, where this natural feeling has appeared as a positive menace more than once, despite the proximity and imminence of peril, recourse has been had to popular leaders,—to men sure of great audiences who could go straight to the masses and arouse them by the magic of voice and personality to a degree impossible of achievement through the printed word. Who better than Mr. Roosevelt could be found to draft for such service as the head of a group of famous speakers like Senator Borah, Mr. Beveridge, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Lenroot, Mr. Beck, Mr. Littleton, Mr. Herrick, Mr. Malone, Mr. Mitchel and scores of others who would gladly respond to the call? We might even say a few words ourselves.

These, of course, are mere suggestions, submitted with due faithfulness as component parts of counsel besought but hardly common, in response to the President's sound declaration that, if we are to win the war at all, we must all "stand together night and day until the job is finished," regardless presumably of past differences and heedful of the fact that "we are all of the same clay and spirit and can get together if we desire to get together." The one point we would make is that in Theodore Roosevelt the country has a great asset which the Government is not utilizing to full or even partial advantage and that, if the President would hardily put aside his preference for "dif-

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fering radically with a man when he isn't in the room" because "when he is in the room the awkward thing is that he can [and probably would] come back at me and answer what I say," and summon his predecessor for a frank conference, he would go far to achieve the unity which he truly pronounces essential to success. Our Colonel himself opened the way when he enthusiastically endorsed the great Message as "a solemn pledge" and insisted that "the American people must devote themselves with grim resolution and wholehearted purpose to the effective translation of this pledge into action,"—which is, above all else, of course, what the President most ardently desires.

We have only to add that Colonel House himself could not be more disinterested in this matter than we are—a fact which should be apparent when in candor we confess that we had reserved for Our Colonel a cell adjoining our own on the second floor or tier, or whatever you call it, back, in Burleson Gaol, and we shall miss him terribly.

We infer from desultory reports from abroad that, when these words appear in print, the Colonel White House Mission to Europe will either be on its billowy way home or safely discharged at an American port formerly known as New York; so, at any rate, we hope and shall pray tonight. It was hardly a visit; rather a call, following the precedent established by Mr. Root and his associates, who took one look around Petrograd and skidded back as rapidly as a Siberian locomotive could point the way. Consideration of the actual achievements of the European party must await necessarily an official revelation from Mr. Creel, but a fairly consecutive account of the pilgrimage can be pieced out from scrappy cablegrams to the public prints.

Our recollection is that, in our record last month, we left our representatives in segregated taxi-cabs scurrying about London for conferences with fellow under-secretaries, but we were not then aware that Colonel House himself had moved into the apartment in Chesterfield House in South Audley street formerly occupied by Mrs. Nicholas Longworth—a coincidence of some historical political significance—and that upon the verge of retirement he issued the following excellent statement of plan and scope:

> One hundred and forty-one years ago the makers of our nation laid down the doctrine that governments derive their just powers

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from the consent of the governed, and are instituted among men to give security to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. We intend to live and develop under this doctrine which is now at stake, and we feel that our being would not be justified if at this critical hour we failed the other democracies who share with us in this lofty and just conception of the dignity of man.

Since 141 from 1917 leaves 1776, a somewhat memorable year in the annals of this Republic, and since the declaration referred to was addressed most particularly to the nation whose guest he was, we thought at first that the Colonel had mislaid his abundant store of tact, but realizing upon reflection that the forefathers on both sides are long dead and buried we could find in the allusion only a gentle reminder of continuing independence, which doubtless served a useful service without necessarily imputing the actuating motives of George the Third to George the Fifth, with whom the Colonel was about to dine in peace and harmony. What he said was so, anyhow.

The welcome extended to the Mission by the London press was all that could have been desired. The *Times,* in particular, was most enthusiastic over the timely arrival of Colonel House and his " chosen band of distinguished men," all of whose biographies, barring that of Mr. Auchincloss, which apparently was not quickly available, it printed for the information of its readers and, in some respects, we have to confess, to our own enlightenment. It also commended highly Secretary Lansing's "very direct and pointed statement that the conference which Colonel House will attend as a full member will be anything but a Peace conference," for which " it was known some weeks ago Colonel House was collecting data,"—thus shrewdly forestalling the possible misapprehension to which we made passing allusion last month.

Later in the week, according to the special correspondent of the *World,* the Missionaries were " entertained at luncheon by the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace," after having been introduced by Walter Hines Page, " the Ambassador here." Meanwhile Colonel and Mrs. House had dined *en famille* with their Majesties. " It was," notes the Boston *Evening Transcript,* " their first meeting since the *Lusitania* was sunk." The Colonel was in London at the time and had an engagement for dinner at the Palace when the news came; whereupon, the *Transcript* continues:

Colonel House cut short his visit. He sent his apologies to the

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King with the message that, "This means war," and the promise to write him a letter on his arrival in America, and sailed for home on the next ship. That was in 1915. When the King was sending a Mission to America in 1917, the story goes that he charged one of the members to look up Colonel House and tell him that the King of England was still waiting for that letter.

It is not probable that the matter was referred to even jocosely at the dinner in the presence of the ladies.

The first meeting of the conferees was a notable affair. It took place in the famous council chamber in Downing street, where English history has been made for centuries, around the table at which the draft of a certain Stamp Act, with which our forefathers were familiar, was approved. The British Empire was represented in a political way by the Prime Minister, the Rt. Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, Mr. Bonar Law, Earl Derby, Lord Robert Cecil, Lord Milner, Lord Curzon, Viscounts Reading and Northcliffe, Lord Rhondda, Sir Edward Carson, Mr. Walter Long and Mr. Austen Chamberlain. In the absence of Colonel House,—it being matinee day,—the United States was represented by Son-in-law Gordon Auchincloss, Esq., of No. 61 Broadway, just south of Rector street, who thought at first of sending his stenographer but finally decided to attend in person. As became his rank, he sat directly beneath the famous portrait of Sir Francis Bacon, the only one in the room, under which Benjamin Franklin had pleaded and protested and Adams and Jay had negotiated. The only speech reported was the Premier's, but a pleasant occasion was reported by all.

The departure of the Mission was celebrated with mutual felicitations. The Americans, according to the *Times,* not only proved themselves to be "specialists of exceptional ability and distinction," but in return of compliment, according to Sir Edward Carson, they were "lost in astonishment and amazement at the organization and effort put forward by the British Empire,"—discoveries upon both sides as gratifying as they seem to have been surprising. Before leaving, moreover, Colonel House himself, "virtually for this purpose," in the words of the *Times,* "the Government of the United States," expressed his official pleasure and personal satisfaction.

The trip to Paris was made in record time and all arrived in excellent condition. Promptly on the following morning, Mr. Grasty cabled to the *Times,* Colonel House

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"called all the Americans together to agree on a procedure" and, there being no open dissent, his plan was adopted. From that day forward the accounts are vague. There seem to have been conferences, some "allied" and some "inter-allied," but reporters were not admitted and we shall have to await as patiently as may be Mr. Creel's elaborated version in the *Official Bulletin.* All we really know now is that Colonel House's very sensible suggestion to the other Premiers that all speeches be barred except one little one by Monsieur Clemenceau at the beginning of the session was adopted and the prospective flow of oratory was effectually dammed until the close of the conference when, in response to a polite request from Monsieur Clemenceau himself, cordially supported by the others, Colonel House spoke as follows:

M. Clemenceau, the president of the French Council, in welcoming the delegates to this conference declared that we had met to work. His words were prophetic. There has been co-ordination and a unity of purpose which promise great results for the future. It is my deep conviction that by this unity and by concentrated effort we shall be able to arrive at the goal which we have set out to reach.

In behalf of my colleagues I want to avail myself of this occasion to thank the officials of the French Government, and through them the French people, for the warm welcome and great consideration they have shown us. In coming to France we have felt that we were coming to the house of our friends. Ever since our Government was founded there has been a bond of interest and sympathy between us—a sympathy which this war has fanned into a passionate admiration. The history of France is a history of courage and sacrifice. Therefore, the great deeds which have illuminated the last three years have come as no surprise to us of America. We knew that when called upon France would rise to a splendid achievement and would add lustre to her name.

America salutes France and her heroic sons and feels honored to fight by the side of so gallant a comrade.

As graceful a little speech as we have read in many a day and, so far as we know, the first the Colonel ever made in French.

Precisely what was accomplished is yet to be revealed. "Except for standardization of airplanes," Mr. Lowell Mellett cables to the Philadelphia *Public Ledger,* "it was not made known what decision had been reached at the meetings." One proposal of no slight importance, according to the same authority, was rejected. "Ambassador Maklakoff, of Russia," Mr. Mellett informs us, "urged the allied

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statesmen to make a restatement of war aims" and "Colonel House joined with Maklakoff in this request," having already "impressed upon all leaders President Wilson's view that a joint, frank and full statement of exactly what the Allies are fighting for would be a 'military measure' of supreme importance," but the Council adhered strictly to the limitation fixed by Secretary Lansing and "postponed the war aims discussion,"—a fortunate decision, to our mind, in view of the fact that since then the President himself has outlined the great purposes of the war so much better than the Council could possibly have done that comparison would be invidious.

Mr. Crosby, Secretary McAdoo's most capable assistant, we understand, is to remain in London, as he should, and as we wish Mr. Bainbridge Colby, the most observant and imaginative member of the Mission might; but the others will soon be home and we shall be glad to hear what they have to say to our suspicion of last month that our Allies propose to accept our essential aid without according us directive participation—a programme which, we declare flatly, as the Jacksonian Democrat of Tennessee remarked of infant damnation, "the people won't stand for."

Pending their arrival, it is but fair to assume that, unless it should transpire that Colonel House, while in London, secretly connived at Lord Lansdowne's hurling of a monkey wrench into the political machinery at a most inopportune moment, no harm can result from the pilgrimage; and, of course, much good may ensue. Let us hope so.

Meanwhile, may not this beginning of our most crucial year be regarded as a fitting time to revive the famous shibboleth of the Democratic text-book of 1914:

"*War in the East,*"—our war now.

"*Peace in the West,*"—Mexico notwithstanding.

"*Thank God for Wilson,*"—with his Scotch-Irish, American Presbyterian heel rooted in the ground.

Make it so!

ARE WE TO HAVE A BENEVOLENT DESPOTISM?

THE question may be asked in all seriousness: Are we, as a by-product of the war, to have a benevolent despotism?

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There is a familiar saying, that that is the best possible form of government; the truth of which we do not concede, though we cite it for reminder's sake. There is also a strong tradition in favor of such a system in war, as Macaulay makes the Elder Consul, "an aged man and wise," remind the Conscript Fathers; and it is upon that principle that we have invested the President, and under and through him various Boards and Commissioners, with extraordinary and autocratic powers, and that we have acquiesced in and even applauded such dictatorial acts as never before would have been tolerated for a moment. In the Civil War the National Government was charged—chiefly by Copperheads, the People's Council and Pacifists of that time—with violating the constitutional rights of the people. But its most extreme measures were mild and trifling compared with what is now being done every day without demur or comment—save from a few Bolshevik Pacifists, the Copperheads of this time. In the crucial days of John Adams's administration, Alien and Sedition laws were enacted which then were, and ever since have been, regarded as odiously oppressive and dangerous to liberty. Yet they were innocuous by the side of what is now in force; to which all the people, save the Bolsheviki, say, Amen!

Now, we are not protesting against these things. On the contrary, we heartily approve them. We invoke the strictest enforcement of these laws, strenuous as they are; and if we were to offer any criticism it would probably be, that some of the laws are not strenuous enough, and that they were not enacted, or being enacted were not enforced, as promptly and as unsparingly as they should have been. We try to be cool and self-restrained, but we confess that it filled us with indignation to see enemy aliens left free to prowl at will around our docks and shipping and munitions plants and elsewhere, and then to hear of important information being betrayed to the enemy, and of fires on ships and explosions in factories. "A little more grape, Captain Bragg!" said a General who knew his business, at a decisive moment. A little "shooting at sunrise" would have rid us of a few German spies, and would have saved many good American lives.

We are not discussing, however, the propriety of dictatorial war measures. The question of interest, which it is by no means too early even now to raise, is the extent to which

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the system thus established in war will be retained and perpetuated after the return of peace. We do not mean that there is any danger of its arbitrary and forcible retention, its imposition upon the people against their will. That is simply unthinkable. But will the results of this war-time dictatorship be so beneficient, and so manifestly applicable to times of peace, that the nation will desire its retention? Frankly, while we wish for the greatest possible success and beneficence of the war measures, as war measures, we most earnestly hope that there will be no desire, and no occasion for a desire, for their retention after the war. But we serve notice here and now that it rests with the American people to determine whether that shall be the case or not, and that if they do not want both a desire and a demand for the " benevolent despotism " to arise, they had better bestir themselves to head off such a calamity.

The whole question turns upon the point of efficiency. We have learned, or we are learning quite rapidly, the need of such efficiency as before the war we never so much as dreamed of. We are attaining such efficiency, and are going to attain it in a very high degree. And having attained it, we shall, let us devoutly trust, insist upon retaining it. But how? Must it be kept by the same methods by which it was won? If the dictatorship teaches us efficiency, must we retain the teacher in order to keep up the practice of the lesson?

Here is an example: Before the war we did a tremendous lot of talking about rehabilitation of the American commercial marine, but we did very little actual rehabilitating. The war—our entry into it—brought things to a crisis, and the Government jumped in as the autocrat, dictator, despot, of the shipping world. The result is that our commercial marine is being rehabilitated by the proverbial leaps and bounds, and at the end of the war may be the biggest in the world. Now, in order to maintain that marine, will it be necessary for the Government to continue in ownership and control, or will private enterprise prove sufficient to keep it going at the standard which the Government shall have set?

Another case: The railroads. They have been so monkeyed with and whipsawed that we don't wonder at their not having exhibited a super-millennial degree of perfection; though in the circumstances we think that they have done amazingly well. But, see: A little while ago, for the sup-

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positious sake of efficiency, the Government insisted upon "unscrambling" them. All "pools" and combinations were broken up. Systems were dissolved. No two roads within a hundred and eighty degrees of latitude or longitude of each other were permitted to be under the same management or to be managed in concert. The result was—well, never mind. But, anyway, under the stress of war and its requirements of the most efficient transportation, the Government was quickly led to contemplate the very extensive "scrambling" of the roads, and the "pooling" of them on a scale never before attempted by even the most daring "Napoleon of Finance." Of course, the Government purposed itself to be the boss of the "pool." Now, suppose that the pooling of the railroads proves to be undeniably in the interest of efficiency and economy, as we have no doubt it will, what next? After the war, are we going back to the old futile methods and inefficiency? If not, and we don't think we are, how will the war-time efficiency be maintained? By perpetuating the Government-controlled pool? Or by letting private management maintain a rational degree of pooling?

We might raise similar questions concerning other matters—the control of the wheat market, food conservation, the coal supply, and what not. The Government is taking hold of them all, like a benevolent despot, for our good. More power to it! What we want now is to win this war, no matter how many pet theories of political economy are laid upon the shelf. It is to be hoped that the people will not only acquiesce in but also will loyally and energetically co-operate in the new system, until that end is gained. But it is with equal earnestness to be hoped that both Government and people will regard these extraordinary measures as war measures, which ought to lapse with the war and to be replaced with a private control which will be just as honest, just as economical and just as efficient as that of the Government. We should regard it as stultifying to say that that is impossible. We do not believe that there is any such virtue in a name or a system as to make it possible for men associated in a "government" to do things which it is impossible for men associated in "business" to do.

Two things are necessary to relieve us of the necessity of continuing a benevolent despotism. One is, for business men to recognize, to accept and to practice the lessons which the

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Government is presenting to them. They must act upon the principle that whatever the Government can do, they can do; and that in the new era which we are entering it is necessary for them to do it, if they are to remain in business at all. The other is, for the Government to give them a fair chance to do this. It would be intolerable for the Government to handicap any industry with vexatious conditions until its efficiency was badly impaired, and then take control of it itself and, by abolishing those vexatious conditions, make easy its restoration to efficiency, and then make that a pretext for perpetuating its control. Men and corporations must have the same chance to succeed that the Government has; the same freedom from hampering and oppressive conditions.

We confess to cherishing old-fashioned individualistic notions to so great a degree that we prefer a Government which confines itself to governing, to one which undertakes to run all the businesses of the land. It is, in our view, the province of the Government to see to it that businesses are conducted honestly, and in a way compatible with good morals and the public welfare. Within such limits and under such control, business is best left to private initiative. But the Government must set bounds and fix rules within which business success will be possible, and business men must learn that success is possible within those bounds. It will be one of the greatest of all the by-products of the war to have both those lessons so fully learned that with the return of peace we shall return from Government administration to private management without the slightest impairment of efficiency or integrity. It can be done, of course.

RODIN

So dizzying is the speed with which new conceptions in art, new æsthetic movements, succeed each other in our febrile age, that he who today makes kindling-wood of the sacrosanct structure of tradition, tomorrow finds himself sorrowfully collecting the disrupted timbers of his own once revolutionary edifice, whilst the younger generation contemptuously turns its back upon him as a mere architect of reaction. Thus today the young lions of art dismiss Claude Monet, that once distrusted iconoclast, as what our French allies call "old hat"; even among the Ladies' Art-Study Clubs of Ohio and Nebraska, Monet is doubtless

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considered as tame and academic as Gérôme or Bouguereau. Yet many of us who carry a walking-stick for adornment rather than support can remember when Monet was an "issue." Where, too, are the "Wagnerites" of the later eighties, now that *Götterdämmerung* is fed to school-girls along with *Little Women* and a subscription to *St. Nicholas?* And today we are witnessing the easy assimilation of those once formidable Bolsheviki of contemporary letters, the *Vers-librists,* and their kindred in the domains of music and painting and sculpture, the fire-eating Futurists. As for Richard Strauss and his once blood-chilling *Zarathustra* and *Heldenleben* and *Elektra*—why, they have long since been taken to our bosoms along with Papa Haydn and Mozart, and tomorrow will be arranged for the farm-house phonograph, where they will contribute to the simple bucolic joys already enlarged by gasoline and neighborly telephone gossip.

It need not, therefore, surprise us to know that before his death Auguste Rodin had come to be looked upon with tolerance by the young radicals of contemporary sculpture as antiquated, conventional, academic. Yet in his own day of dawning glory, how splendid an apparition was Rodin, as, in the early years of this century, his audacious and perturbing genius broke upon the art-world of Europe and America!

When, in 1895, a monument of Victor Hugo was ordered from Rodin for the Panthéon, and Rodin responded with his great statue of the poet, seated, nude, on a rock under the partially concealing folds of a cloak, what an uproar arose! The administrative staff of the Department of Fine Arts were unspeakably shocked. They had expected, as Judith Cladel relates in her sympathetic Life of the sculptor, a solemn and respectable Victor Hugo in the frock-coat of an Academician. Why this semi-naked parody of a revered national figure? But today the once outrageous statue stands in the garden of the Palais Royal, and students and art-lovers make pious pilgrimages from afar to look upon it. And then, soon after, came the furious war over the amazing *Balzac.* It became a "case"—the *affaire de Balzac.* For months the café-concerts and music-halls spilled their gutter wit upon the "scandalous" statue and its maker; peddlers sold ribald plaster replicas of it, caricaturing the strange brooding figure, cloaked in mysterious majesty, as

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a seal or a heap of snow. Today this work of profound and intrepid genius is acclaimed as one of the supreme projections of the creative imagination.

Two years after the disclosure of the *Balzac* to the horrified public of Paris, Rodin's show at the Exposition of 1900 initiated the world-wide recognition that came to him swiftly thenceforth, and for more than a decade he knew what it was to be a Personage. He died last month one of the towering spiritual figures of his time, and the greatest sculptor since Michelangelo. He was not, of course, the isolated revolutionist that casual commentators have assumed him to be. He came of a long line of sculptors who had endeavored to relate their work more intimately to human life and emotion, who sought to make bronze and marble more richly expressive. Rodin owed much to Puget, Falconet, Rude, Barye, Carpeaux. He has been uncritically regarded as a wondrous "sport" (in the botanical sense); but he was far from that. He was the result of a natural and inevitable progression, an inspired son of his time. He was one of the stormy romanticists of the last century. Born a generation later than Wagner, he had much of the expressional intensity of that Promethean exponent of the romantic impulse. And he had Wagner's range, as well as his intensity, of expression. He could swing largely and easily from the violence and terror of the tremendous *Gate of Hell* to the lyric sweetness of *Spring* and *Adolescence*. His chief contribution to the art of sculpture was that he made it almost articulate. He conferred upon it not only an added eloquence, but a new kind of eloquence. He made it sing and rhapsodize and lament: he made it canorous, an instrument of lyric and tragical speech. He is as intimately akin to Wagner and Schubert, Blake and Rossetti and Whitman, as he is to Donatello and Michelangelo. He was a simple and sincere attendant upon the secret ways of Nature, a life-long disciple of classic art; yet he was able to exhibit to his time its restless, passionate soul. He is still (despite the supercilious Futurists) as modern as tomorrow's sunrise, and as immortal, probably, as sorrow and beauty.

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JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN

Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.
I know not, oh, I know not
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an Angel
And all the Martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene,
The pastures of the blessed
Are deck'd in glorious sheen.

There is the throng of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
And they, who with their Leader
Have conquer'd in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever Blest. Amen.

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A ROUMANIAN DIARY

BY LADY KENNARD

[The following extracts from Lady Kennard's diary and letters which are to be published shortly in book form in this country present a vivid picture of Roumania's entrance into and participation in the war. Lady Kennard is the daughter of the British Minister to Roumania.]

August, 1916.—War is really coming. Our street today looks quite martial; there is a remount office at the end of it, and streams of men go in and out there all the time. We have been warned that all the telegraph wires to Austria-Hungary will be cut tomorrow. Of this the enemy envoys, apparently, know nothing. There is to be a Crown Council tomorrow night to deal with final private affairs, though it is hoped that the Germans will regard it as the terrified result of a haughty ultimatum which they sent Roumania this week. The attack is planned for tomorrow. Things are getting exciting, but one still hesitates to credit that the moment has come at last.

It is said that our first taste of warfare will be an aerial bombardment. I have ordered water to be kept in all the bathtubs from today forward, and am having a tap connection provided between the garden hose and the pantry. All the blankets are piled in the front hall. Perhaps in this manner we can ensure a slight protection against fire.

The Roumanians are not over-confident. In fact, they don't expect to begin by winning. They say there will be reverses, losses near the Danube towns; this because the Russians have not yet arrived and may come rather late.

Later.—Hurrah! the die is cast. All the telephone wires have been cut, the enemy envoys are to be packed off this evening, and mobilization for active service begins at midnight. We have already been declared "under martial law." War will be declared in Vienna, a little bit late, by the Roumanian minister. I met the German minister here

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walking towards his Legation this morning, and wanted to make a face at him. That is the way one feels.

Later.—Well! the passes are half taken, wounded are coming in, also prisoners. It is really war, and I am really in it!!!

Bucarest is quite calm. Orders have come round to extinguish all the lights in view of the Zeppelin raids which have actually begun. I had only one little green light burning in my house last night when the first one was signalled, and the police came and told me to put it out. I was so snubbed that I did not attempt a candle, and sat through the raid in the dark.

All the church bells rang wildly when the signal came through, and the guns were infernal, popping like mad. I counted twelve searchlights and tried to believe in the actuality of the happening, but honestly, if I had not hurt myself by bumping into a tin trunk in the dark, I should feel today as if I had dreamt the whole thing. One thing, however, struck me forcibly, and will remain as a humorous recollection until I die: in this quiet town, lying peacefully under a starlit heaven with no sound of traffic to spoil the silence, the sound that deafened us was not the shooting, but the dogs!!

September, 1916.—All is still safe and quiet; so far we have not even had food difficulties. Zepps crossed the Danube last night and were signalled here, but there was too much wind for them, presumably, for they never arrived.

I have fallen into regular hospital routine, and have been given charge of one of the pavilions into which our own institution is divided.

Everybody is in the highest spirits; the Roumanian advance is almost brilliant, and one can hardly credit the *communiqués* that come in, they are so splendid.

Later.—It has been a wild twenty-four hours! Today, at three o'clock on a sunny afternoon, I drove back to my hospital. In the open market-place, which is the half-way house, I noticed all the people looking up and gesticulating, and then for half an hour I was really in the war, for there were six Taubes overhead all dropping bombs.

As we neared the hospital shrapnel began to fall. The bombs, of course, fell all round. I picked up one man wounded and unconscious and took him on with me in the car. A woman was killed at the gate of the hospital and

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one man died on the doorstep. There are barracks just near by, and all the soldiers got out of hand and fired their rifles madly in all directions. Two men wounded by their own comrades were carried in to us afterwards. We settled down to work, and had three operations between four and seven. Just as we were preparing to go home stretchers began to come in from different parts of the town where bombs had fallen. I wired home not to expect me till they saw me, and we worked on till 9:30, when all the operations were over. The wounded were all over the town, and all the other hospitals filled up too. The casualties were thirty dead and over a hundred wounded, for the streets were crowded when the Taubes came. The beasts flew round and round, thus hardly a quarter of the town escaped. All our airmen had gone to the front. I suspect spies of having informed the enemy; there was nothing to stop them and they did just what they liked. They flew very, very low, and I saw the pilot's face in one quite plainly as he turned. I got home to find that five large pieces of shrapnel had fallen in the garden. Apparently the confusion in the town whilst the actual raid was going on was terrific. The troops lost their heads and fired quite aimlessly, killing men and women before they could be stopped.

One couldn't be excited in the hospital, there was no time. If a doctor is cutting off things and calls out "*pansement*" or "*aquæ lacta*" like a pistol-shot at you, you somehow find it even if you don't know what it is. One just works without the faintest understanding of what one is doing. After it was all over we collapsed, and sat in the model hospital kitchen with a petrol cooking-lamp for our only light (the electric light had been turned off at the main and we operated by candle illumination only), and drank hot tea and Zwicka and tried to recover. . . .

On the way home I drove past a house where live some friends of mine. They had a most wonderful escape in the night; fortunately all were alive, no one knows why. Three bombs must have hit their house, which was all dropping to bits, and all the windows were blown into the rooms, and one wooden bed looked like a sort of fancy pincushion as a result. Every single thing except the four people who lived there were shattered, a huge hole gaped in each bedroom, and there were apertures in the walls made by bits of the pavement forced in from outside.

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It had ceased to be surprising this afternoon when those devils flew back to us again just after we had got to the hospital after lunch and were well started on an operation! But this time we nearly had a panic with the wounded. I stayed on in the ward with the helpless cases, for they said: "If you will stay with us, we are not afraid." The lightly wounded were sent to the cellar.

As I write it is about 6:30, and, according to the time the Taubes take to reload, they should be back by seven. I worked out the ethics of one's feelings towards them today at lunch and came to the conclusion that: (1) if one is killed one does not mind; (2) if one is wounded one only minds for a time; and (3) if one is neither one minds less. But something from outside should be done to help us, for this has become a bombarded town and is defenceless. Our own aeroplanes are needed at the front, but some French aviators are expected today, which will make us feel a little safer. The hospital, standing as it does in the center of a military quarter, is an objective for the raids, and I must honestly confess that I don't like going back there a bit. But we now have a dozen really serious cases which require hard nursing, and one knows that if one did not go perhaps no one else would. . . .

It is all so wonderful to me! To see the big muscles cut away and through, to see a horrible wound grow daily less painful instead of a life lost through gangrene. A man pumping blood three days ago from a main artery is today eating heartily and getting well. Contrary to all existing regulations, I have procured permission to give hot tea and a cigarette after the operations when the men ask for it themselves and no active injury can result. It saves their *morale* and quiets their nerves. They have the wonderful recuperative power of undeveloped nervous systems, and many can stand almost anything without anæsthetics.

Curious! A month ago I felt faint when I saw blood or smelt a nasty smell. . . .

Later.—I went round to the hospital to find that a patient had been killed in his bed in pavilion number three. The men there are clamoring to be moved, and if this sort of thing goes on the whole place will have to be evacuated, though there is no alternative site where greater safety can be provided. But a panic would be fatal. It would spread to the town and bring about a rush for the trains.

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October, 1916.—I have not had the heart to keep this diary for the last few weeks, the situation has so completely changed. Our air-raid excitements (which, by the way, have completely stopped) seem to have faded into absolute insignificance and into a very distant past when one still had a sense of humor.

But it was all too true. The Germans were just—waiting. Waiting their own time, and that time came. We hardly know ourselves what has happened or how far and fast our army has retreated, but we know that things are very serious from the complete absence of reliable news.

We are told that French and British officers are coming. They may save us yet, but they must come soon. Some of the Roumanians were splendid. These are the peasant sons of peasant warriors who fought and won through in the days when war was war, not massacre. They are uncivilized enough to remember the fighting science taught them in folk-songs: "Strike—strike hard!"

The arrival of a French command may still save the capital, but one doubts it, for the passes are obviously falling with incredible rapidity, and the wounded are coming in in hundreds.

We now have thirty-five cases in each of our wards, planned to hold fifteen. They are packed like herrings, poor wretches, and lying two in a bed. We keep one room for gangrene cases; but what is one room? And there is no real operating-hall. Still one does the best one can. And the doctor is a hero. . . .

We all had champagne tonight for dinner. Stocks are low, but if the Germans are really invading us—well, we certainly don't intend to leave anything worth having. We had a great discussion as to the rival merits of flight in a possible train or in our own visible motor. And we voted against the motor, for we shall have two hundred miles at least to travel, and the motor is weak. It is possible that spies may blow up the only railway line when the last moment comes. A Roumanian general came to tea and said: "We shall leave by night." I said: "Where to?" He answered: "God knows!"—which was encouraging!

We are assured that if the army can hold the remaining passes for a fortnight, we shall be all right, for by that time Russian reinforcements will have arrived, also the French officers. But then we are told such a lot—that the

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Germans are already here, for instance. Anyway, the net result of this scare is quite unnecessary discomfort. If I pack as I am urged to do, why, then I want to start. To pack and stay is silly.

At present preparations are in full swing to expedite us in two days' time, at dead of night, in a darkened train, so as to fool German aeroplanes, who are certain to follow the train and bomb it. The banks are packing, and, as far as I can judge, that train will contain seething crowds of humans, innumerable tea-baskets, and millions of money, besides the Government officials. They are now planning to pick us up in a round of motor-lorry loads, luggage included, at 1 A. M. It will be a sort of modern Noah's Ark. If the Germans succeed in cutting the only railway line, we shall have to run their bombardment at Constanza and go off in a Russian man-of-war to Odessa. Whatever transpires, we shall not know until we have passed Ploesti where we are going; we start "destination unknown"—if we start. . . .

Later.—The news is bad again, and a second fiat has gone forth: we are to be deprived of our luggage, as evacuation is really imminent.

I have never spent an odder day. We packed jam and sugar and all available soap into every spare corner. We all frankly forgot our lunch until past two and then found nothing in the house, so went without. We were told that we had twelve hours to finish up in and that the boxes would be called for at midnight. Of all the many terrible packings that I have done on Eastern caravan journeys, this has been infinitely the worst. I know that I will wish that I had sent none of the things which now seem indispensable and that I will need all which I left behind. I have racked my brains to think of a place for three precious bottles of champagne, and have decided to stow them in a hold-all with the family eiderdowns. The linen-trunk is stuffed with jam—jam that came from England, and possibly the last that I shall ever eat. I get occasional attacks of maudlin sentiment over small possessions which I am obliged to leave; on the other hand, am abandoning articles of considerable value without a qualm. Not a bed has been made in the whole house, and, once the luggage has gone, we shall have to camp out on sofas.

I went to the kitchen to try and get a little tea, and

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when I came back found a large party of friends with their servants, luggage and children in the drawing-room, asserting cheerfully that they had come as they thought " it would be nicer for us all to go together." I'm in the state of mind where I would say " Yes " to anything until the moment arrived when I said " NO," then, if the person argued, I would shoot it—I mean her—him. All the luggage is stacked in the drawing-room—train luggage, house luggage, friends' luggage, servants' luggage. It is pandemonium.

Now I am lying down waiting for tea. Every bone in my body, every nerve in my mind aches with excitement. Of the military situation the English papers could tell us more than we know ourselves, for we hear not one blessed thing. Except that the luggage goes tonight and we tomorrow—if only we knew where to!!

Besides, the only certain thing is that the luggage goes tonight. For all we know the plans may have changed by tomorrow, and we shall be sitting here without one single practical belonging in the world.

November, 1916.—Half my prophecy came true: we are still sitting quite solidly in Bucarest. Luckily, however, our luggage never left us, for the panic quieted with incredible rapidity and we were told that all danger was over. The Germans were repulsed at the frontier during the days that we got no news and have not advanced since. The French General Staff has arrived and installed itself in a manner which gives us confidence most disproportionate to the small amount which reason tells us that it is humanly capable of accomplishing. A British aviator flew over in his aeroplane from Salonika, and this gives us the cheerful feeling that we are in touch with our own army. This despite the fact that a conquered Serbia lies between. The only direct consequence of the panic is that innumerable people seem to be lost, and the general mix-up is indescribable. I myself simply cannot understand why the Germans are not already here.

The youngest son of the Queen has died after terrible suffering. At such a moment it seems almost more than a woman should be asked to bear. Nevertheless his mother still works at the hospitals, and her soldiers love to see her.

Later.—The news is bad again, and the advancing Germans are reported to be in the plains and well over the Austrian frontier. Up to the present moment there are no

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signs of panic, and it is possible now that there will not be another even if we do have to leave in a hurry. For the population has not only learnt a lesson during the first scare, but also it has had time to get used to the idea that the loss of a capital does not necessarily mean the loss of a country. I fancy that a great proportion of the society people who have nothing to do with the Court or with the Government will not attempt to leave the capital even if the Germans arrive. What would be the object? They are non-combatants and can do the Germans no possible harm, and it will serve the Roumanian cause better to leave every facility for those who have to go and "carry on" in whatever place they may finally land in, which place will be the less overcrowded for each individual who stays behind.

The warning has once again gone round to all who will have to leave when the moment comes for them to hold themselves in readiness for an immediate start, and I believe that, at the slightest further enemy advance, we shall really be off at last. The Queen has sent her children to the country, where they are supposed to be out of the immediate danger of air raids. She herself intends to remain here until the last minute, and is wonderfully plucky and calm.

Later.—Quite an excitement!!! All the whistles are blowing madly and all the bells are ringing. This heralds another big raid. I wonder if it will really come off; we have not had a serious one for weeks, and one has begun to mistrust all these warnings which so often culminate in nothing.

Yes, here they come. The big new guns do make a noise compared to the miserable little pops we used to hear. *Blasé* as I have grown, this is unusually thrilling, and I am going out to see what is happening.

Later.—Well, that was the worst attack we have ever had. It lasted well over an hour. Bombs fell near the Bank and the Post Office; and, of course, in the vicinity of every hospital. The town dies away nowadays at the first alarm, the streets empty as if by magic, consequently few people are killed. Apparently thirteen bombs exploded in the garden of the country house where the Royal children were sent last week, but nobody was hurt, although the house was hit. Even the fires which started were safely extinguished. It must have been a narrow escape, and proves how well informed are the Germans of all current events.

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Now that the excitement is over, we have other and more important things to think about, for the order has come to start, and to start as soon as possible, for Jassy.

December, 1916, JASSY.—Well, we have reached Jassy, and have not yet recovered from the surprise of having actually got somewhere and being able to sit down.

This country town which has so suddenly been called upon to turn into a capital is by no means fitted for the part. Situated as it is close to the big oil-fields, it was already overcrowded before the war broke out, and the builders have been trying vainly for the last two years to keep pace with the steadily growing importance of the place. It is exactly like seeing a country bumpkin dressed up in evening clothes as one finds them parodied on the musical comedy stage. Stone palaces built in modern Russian style brush the mud walls of peasant huts. The streets straggle about without aim or object and lead nowhere; there are hardly any shops. There is, or rather was, one restaurant near the station. I say *was,* because there will soon be nothing left of it. People literally besiege its doors, and the walls shake from the influx of the crowd.

I believe that the Court got here this morning, but has not been seen. One presumes that the Royal Family at least will be given a roof to cover it. I tremble to think what would have happened to us had not these dear people taken pity on our plight. Dozens of our fellow-travelers are still wandering forlornly about in a despairing search for rooms. Our arrival was totally unexpected, as Jassy had been without news from the capital for two days. No one knows what is happening in Bucarest, or how near the Germans are, or whether those left behind will still have time to get away.

I possess two boxes of English soap, which have to be guarded as if they contained the Crown Jewels. We allow ourselves a soap wash once a day, and even then the cake dwindles visibly. We have not had a bath since we started, and see no prospect of ever having another. The men decided to visit the public baths which exist, it appears, in the town, but one of the newly arrived English doctors flew round on a bicycle warning them each in turn not to go because there was an epidemic of mange amongst the poor who patronized the establishments. Nice place, Jassy! And we have got to live here now until the war is over!

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Later.—The situation, from a state of things chaotic, but directly traceable, has become completely and absolutely obscure. An ominous silence broods over us, not a telegram has come through for a week, and we are in the blackest ignorance of everything except Jassy. I have unpacked nothing. For all that we know, the Germans may be advancing upon us rapidly.

As far as any news is concerned, we hear only the fantastic stories told by arriving refugees. And most of them are disinclined to talk of anything but their own immediate physical discomfort and fright. The only thing that we definitely know is that the Germans are in Bucarest!

I had not thought that we could possibly enter into a new phase of horror, but it was born on Boxing Day, when the first whispers reached us of the destruction of the oil-fields. Frankly, we had, each and every one of us, completely forgotten the oil! A man, a friend of ours, drove up in a motor, streaked with grime, weary and dead to the world. After lunch he started to tell his story, fortified by a big cigar.

He had been one of a party who went out alone to the petrol city to destroy. No one would give them help, and he told us wonderful accounts of the scenes which he had witnessed. The first step had been to capture every single man and boy who knew anything about the petrol plants and deport them bodily to Moldavia, so that the Germans should find no skilled workmen to brutalize to their own profit. And then a few pairs of hands sufficed to crumble and lay in ashes what many hundreds of brains had worked to build. First they broke up all the machinery—the how of the happening is immaterial; the most primitive and brutal weapons served them best. Then they poured benzine from the roofs of factories down their walls and set them alight, they dug trenches round the vats and started blazing channels of flame towards the reservoirs. These blew up each in turn, and soot and fumes made of what had been sunlight an eternal night where the Fire King went mad. Town by town saw the destroyers come to let hell loose, and factory after factory writhed in a death agony of twisted iron to send jets of poison fumes after the four small flying motor-cars. The devastation left by a retreating army lay before them, turmoil of an enemy drunk with success stirred in the wind-gusts that fed the flames from the south. Twice

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did the destroyers miscalculate the time at their disposal, and they were badly hurried in one place. The enemy arrived sooner than was expected, and there was no time to dig the trenches—just one little match sufficed to start a burning inundation from unskilfully burst vats. Some one shouted, "*Run!*" just before the explosions began.

The man who told us the story ended each sentence with the words: "It was the fact that it was daylight—and nevertheless dark—which made everything so much worse."

One can hardly credit the fact that those few little men have so effectually accomplished what they set out to do that it will be six months before the Germans can squeeze a drop of petrol from the saturated earth, and yet that is what they affirm so quietly that one can but accept the statement—and be grateful. We are told today that a German wireless message has been intercepted from Berlin which sends the conquerors orders to send at once to Germany all the petrol that they can manage to expedite. And this has reconciled us to the despair which imagination taught us to catch in the evening breeze tonight when we motored back a little way with the teller of the story along the road that he had traveled.

It is part of the general contradiction of things that this destruction of the oil-fields, which is the most important happening of our corner of the war, should remain the one which has, locally, at least, made the smallest stir.

Later.—We have suddenly realized today that we have got back to the frame of mind in which we spent our last weeks in Bucarest. And this is discouraging. In other words, we are back in a sort of *cul-de-sac* which has, nevertheless, one small outlet, wofully inadequate, in the shape of that blessed single line to Russia. According to all the various contradictory information we get, the Germans are not going to sit still and are moving forward rapidly.

The only defense that lies between us and them is the famous Sereth line, which the Roumanians and Russians alike believe to be impregnable. But one cannot tell if it is going to hold until it has been tested—and if it is tested and gives way—why, they will be here. That's all!!

January, 1917.—Letters from England arrived on New Year's Day, and have done much towards restoring us to a normal state of British phlegm. I must honestly confess that these letters, written just at the moment of our worst

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plight when we were flying from Bucarest with all known things unpleasant, and all things unknown subject for serious dread, seem to show an apparent indifference to our possible sufferings which has brought acute annoyance to us. I think that one amongst fifteen newspapers mentioned Roumania—just that and no more. It made us all rather angry at first to realize that we must appear so utterly unimportant, but afterwards we lost ourselves to all actuality in reading the stories of fighting in France. People at home are "in a war." Here we can only produce a *mêlée*.

The situation grows daily more complicated and there is every element of trouble. There is some friction between the Roumanians and the Russians on every possible point, from fighting policy to military etiquette. The last question, which has bubbled over, is the one as to which of the two nationalities is to run the hospitals, the few there are. The Russians say that, as they have taken over the whole of the front lines and allowed the Roumanian army to retire for a well-earned spell of rest, there will be no Roumanian wounded, and they want all the hospitals emptied of their Roumanian staffs and turned over, together with all available supplies, to the Russian Red Cross. The Roumanians, one and all, are naturally wild at the idea and definitely decline to comply.

Meanwhile we have even been allowed to receive reliable news from Bucarest. The German administration is apparently allowing individuals to leave for Jassy without the formality of a passport. This is such a surprising fact that we credit them with all sorts of evil and mysterious motives for what is probably only an oversight soon to be rectified. The fact remains that a Roumanian officer arrived in Jassy today after spending three days in Bucarest wearing mufti quite unmolested. Apparently he just got on his bicycle when he was bored and rode away from the town!

He tells us that the new king is proclaimed and that all is quiet and well ordered. A small army of pro-Germans —we have known them well by name and sight for over a year—met the German General Staff at the gates of the city, and tendered bouquets. It is hard not to be instantly furnished with an obvious adjective, but it is only fair to insist upon the fact that individuals who hold systematically to one idea and to one party cannot be termed traitors for the simple reason that the party may not be one's own.

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My doctor arrived from Roman, distant an hour's normal train journey. It took him twelve, hanging on to an engine together with fifty other men. Some dropped off quite quietly into the snow-drifts when they grew tired. On every skyline, he added, and in every valley, they saw horses with broken legs, left to die, turning and turning in endless circles of pain, and he heard them screaming despite the uproar of machinery which drowned most hearing.

In our English hospital there is a man who has had his foot amputated. He lay pinned under a burning car. A hatchet was brought by a doctor to a French officer standing near, and the doctor said: "Do it if you can; I have no instruments and feel paralyzed." The Frenchman did the thing in the whole horror of the sunlight, whilst the Russian privates who were his charge took advantage of the opportunity and pillaged private passenger luggage on the train!

Later.—I think that it can be definitely assumed now that all danger of our being obliged to leave Jassy in the immediate future is over. Russians and Roumanians alike are standing on the Sereth, and the Germans do not seem to be particularly anxious to cross. A little success does much to restore balance, and we have already voiced the somewhat ambitious dream of seeing the enemy driven back in the spring. I ask for only one reward for all that we are going through, and that to drive down behind them in my motor! It would be worth anything to go back like that—into our own house. . . .

But disease is coming, and that was a horror which we had forgotten. There is a terrible shortage of wood, and, in the absence of all other material, fire is the only reliable disinfectant. Lice overrun the hospitals and we are unable to combat them, for we have no serums and no disinfectants. Petrol, which might serve our purpose at a pinch, is also lacking now. The doctors are reduced to vinegar.

March, 1917.—The Russian *coup d'état* has come and the Government here is having some anxious moments. It is unlikely, however, that anything serious will transpire. The Royal Family is very popular and is faithfully served by the administration. All Russians, of course, are in a ferment, but it is reassuring to notice that they have not lost sight of the common ideals of the war.

Telegraphic news from America is palpitating, and brings the end of the war within sight, at any rate, of our

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own generation. Unfortunately everything worth doing takes an immense amount of time in this world, and one cannot hope for things to begin to happen for a long time. It is rather discouraging that the crisis in Russia should have come to a head at this moment, speaking, naturally, from our own point of view, which is the only one that appears, through force of circumstances, important. The Roumanians and Russians were just learning to stand up to their three-legged race, and now all the knots have had to be loosened to give the latter a chance to stretch cramped knees. We had begun to talk of a big spring offensive, and now the only thing that is obvious is that waiting will be our indefinite lot.

Later.—The war situation has come to a complete standstill: it is hard to believe that anything more can ever happen here.

Seven hundred thousand Russians are said to be on our front, who could, undoubtedly, just sweep across the country, driving all before them, and lead us back into Bucarest. But their very numbers make them a difficult army to equip and feed. At present they lack munitions, fodder, guns and railways, so it all looks pretty hopeless, and one can but be thankful for them as a definite, solid buffer which will require a lot of moving. There are very few enemy divisions in front of them, and we are told that these consist principally of Turks and Bulgarians. It makes one rather ill to think how easy complete victory could be and how unlikely it is.

May, 1917.—We are told that we stand upon the brink of action. Certain it is that at no time since she entered the war has Roumania stood to the fight so well prepared as now. In retrospect, it is wonderful to realize all that has been accomplished despite inexperience and shortage of material. The word "starvation" makes us smile nowadays, for we are almost surfeited by the luxury of supplies brought by regular transport systems from Russia. Further, the whole undulating surroundings of Jassy are cloaked green with growing corn.

It has been interesting to discover what solace can be found in days of the most anxious uncertainty by contact with things young and care-free. All the English children were sent home months ago, and we miss their atmosphere so horribly that anything small and happy finds welcome

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here. I have noticed that Roumanians who took but the most cursory interest in a nursery world before they went to war have become almost ostentatiously parental lately. The whole aspect of Jassy has lost the impression it used to give of having been a most ill-chosen picnic site where it had very lately and copiously rained. We can almost flatter ourselves that we live in a flourishing military center. French blue and gray and English khaki almost predominate about the streets now that the Russian units have moved into scattered canvas cities.

Needless to say, there is much that still remains to be done. The army no longer starves for the necessities, such as ammunition and sanitary supplies, but it hungers for delicacies and details. These will all come, in time, I suppose, just as the other and more immediate requirements came; but it would be a tragic mistake to launch forth again without them. The Roumanians, luckily, realize the danger of such action, and their leaders are too clever to stumble into the pitfall of foolhardiness which always lurks for those who have lately escaped from danger. But the army, as a whole, is straining to take the offensive, and it is so wonderful that the men should feel thus after all that they have suffered that it seems almost cruel to tie their hands. English and French officers alike agree that a capital fighting force has grown up, no one quite knows how, out of the demoralization of the last few months, and it is impossible to give a sufficiency of credit to the leaders who have built it up.

June, 1917.—I have been wondering whether any one would care to read this diary. Roumania is deserving of notice and appreciation. She has proved herself, and in the greatest manner which does not savor of ostentation. All that has been lately accomplished spells silent work and no small devotion to what has grown in this our century to be the greatest cause. Strangers who had knowledge and experience, who came to put machinery in motion, remain here, it is true. But they stay to work, and are no longer required to lead. The army trusts its officers, the nation appreciates its King. And we outsiders feel that we want to go home and tell the family of Allies that our little brother Roumania has grown into a man of whom we have reason to be very proud.

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THE FRENCH KINGDOM OF JERUSALEM

BY ALFRED EMERSON

No less than three spokesmen of high position in and under the British Government have abandoned the reserve which combatant nations commonly and rightly maintain about their intended disposals of their conquests as long as a fight is on, with reference to Palestine. In the words of the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Balfour, "the Government views with favor the establishment of Palestine as a national home for the Jewish people, and will use its best efforts for the facilitation of this object." Now, the British Government is not given to quixotic fireworks. It means what it says. And it must have given the amplest consideration to the problem of what it ought to do, could do and would do, why, how, where and when, with the support of its own people and of its Allies reasonably assured, before reaching this momentous decision. It must be extraordinarily confident not only of the complete victory of its armed forces in that quarter of the world, but of an early triumph in the heart of Judea, to publish its purpose thus broadcast when its troops only stood at the gates of Palestine.

At this writing the advance of a British army from Egypt across the repellent Sinai peninsula, and its successive occupations of Gaza, Ascalon and Joppa have brought General Allenby's outposts to within four miles of Jerusalem, where they have halted to bring up their reënforcements and a siege-train. Already the press mouthpieces of the German Government are laying all the stress they can on the poor fortification of Jerusalem, and upon its very insignificant strategic and economic value. But even they cannot gainsay the prodigious *retentissement* that England's prob-

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able early seizure of the Holy City is bound to have in the Moslem, Jewish and Christian world, whether a Christian Te Deum be sung in the mosque of Omar on Christmas Day, 1917, or not. Certainly the native population of Judea and Syria, Arab, Syrian, Greek, Jew and Roman Catholic, has nothing but the harshest oppression to thank its Ottoman rulers and their German advisers for, and will quickly learn to regard the surrender of county by county to the Franks as a happy deliverance.

Altogether, the present moment would be a unique one for America to launch a naval and military expedition at Antioch and the contiguous region of north Syria. Failing this decisive secondage, England's unaided and fairly rapid successes in Palestine foreshadow the slower Allied conquest of all Syria even so, before which no serious campaign across Anatolia overland can be contemplated after Russia's military collapse. In any case, the impending fall of Jerusalem lifts England's two fronts in Asia Minor into sharp prominence, and it will inevitably lend much force to the long unaccountably disfavored plan of hitting the enemy hardest wherever he is the weakest. In other words, their victory at Jerusalem may persuade the western nations to conduct their offensives in eastern Europe and in Asia Minor in earnest. Their contrary course heretofore is responsible for their worst collective disasters both east and west.

We are widely familiar with the story and the glory of Solomon's capital in ancient times; not so with its fortunes under the Roman Empires West and East, under its Moslem caliphs and sultans, and under their western adversaries the Crusaders. My discussion of the last phase of its medieval history is suggested by the reflection that no chapter of the Holy Land's experience is fraught with better lessons for public men observing its wretched present and solicitous for its happier future to remember than Europe's former great effort to embody Syria in the family of Christendom.

The great dream of the Crusaders found its earthly embodiment in the Christian principalities of the Near East. And it remains a live tradition to this day on account of them.

Have a Venetian boatman sail you to the Armenian island monastery of San Lazzaro in the lagoon, and a polyglot monk will show you the sword of Leo V de Lusignan, " our last king," among its historic relics. And likely enough

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a flash of his dark eyes, under their quiet lids, will betray his undying hope that Armenia shall yet obey a king of her own again. Who shall say that living memories play a weaker part than the pronunciamentos of a Lloyd George and a Prince Lvoff, to quicken the pulses of the Christian Orient?

The political ideals of the Levantine Jew and Christian are retrospective. What does the downtrodden rayah of Hither Asia know of Westminster and Washington, or of the Russian Duma? Nothing at all. His thought is for the yield of his few stony acres and of his sunsmitten olive orchard. If any other picture haunts his hour of rest at the unyoking of his dwarfed oxen, it carries a vision of the splendor of Solomon's court, or some regretful notion of the age when the ruined shrine on the headland, where his wife lights a nightly flame to St. Simeon and St. Nicholas, was undismantled.

Of the First Crusade, most of us remember little more than Peter the Hermit's magnetic appeals for the rescue of the Holy Sepulcher and the taking of the cross by the chivalry of the West, followed by the surrender of Antioch and Jerusalem to the Latin armies under Godfrey of Bouillon in 1098-9. Next, we recall Saladin's reconquest of the Holy City ninety years later, and maybe his trial of swords with King Richard, to dismiss the topic with some indefinite notion of the Templars' tussle with a king of France at Paris, about A. D. 1300. Yet it was surely no small achievement on the front of the Frankish Crusaders to establish and organize the principality of Antioch and two great earldoms of Edessa and Tripoli in Syria all in a single year, adding a Frankish kingdom of Jerusalem the next, and to complete this coördinated political edifice about one century later with two further semi-French kingdoms of Cyprus and of Lesser Armenia, in the same section of the Near East.

Gregory VII had made an imaginary appeal for 50,000 Christian knights to deliver the Holy Sepulcher. Urban II, a French pope, attacked the problem in earnest with the Council of Clermont in the heart of France, in 1095. The eloquent monk of Picardy who led a hare-brained vanguard of inadequate semi-combatants to perish along the roads of Asia Minor in the spring of 1096, before feudal France had emerged from " the conversational stage " of arming as

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to war, is a mere incident of the campaign. The king of France's brother Hugh and Robert of Normandy headed the real army. Other *langue d'oil* princes like Baldwin of Flanders and his brother Godfrey, duke of Lower Lorraine, had German followers mixed with French. Two Norman princes of southern Italy, Bohemund and Tancred, crossed the Adriatic with a corps part Norman and part native Italian.

Both Latin and Norman knights-errant subscribed to England's motto, *The meek shall inherit the earth; we are the meek,* long before modern spreaders of Britain's empire made it theirs. And the Crusaders were out to establish the kingdom of God upon earth, with themselves in the rôle of His vice-gerents. The army of the Crusaders reached Syria 300,000 strong.[1] Bohemund was acknowledged hereditary prince of Antioch after the fall of that stronghold, and Baldwin of Flanders ensconced himself Count of Edessa in the Syrian hinterland; his territory straddled the Euphrates. Not to be utterly outshone by these practical northlings, Raymond of Provence, the gentle mystic, occupied and maintained a vast earldom of Tripoli, with its seat of government fronted on the sea, between the borders of Antioch and Judea. All this before Jerusalem was even assailed!

The geographical and political advantages of Antioch indubitably fitted that city to become a seat of empire once more, far better than Jerusalem. But the glamor that hovers on Mount Zion drew the ranks of the Crusaders to Canaan like a pillar of cloud and fire. Siege was laid to the city of David soon after the reduction of Antioch. The Saracens defended it fiercely. But Godfrey of Bouillon, that true Christian knight, stormed its ramparts on July 15th, 1099, at the head of twenty thousand. Its conquerors waded lanes of blood that splashed to their horses' knees, to kneel in transports of devotion at the tomb of the Redeemer—

> Whose sad face on the cross sees only this,
> After the passion of a thousand years.

A Christian successor of King David must now be crowned in the Mosque of Omar on Mount Zion, the edifice in which the simple faith of the times hastened to recognize

[1] Seven rallies from the west in a century, and other recruits, more than compensate the subsequent shrinkage of this initial force.

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the authentic temple of Solomon. We may catch a glimpse of its cupola, revamped *alla romana,* in the Sposalizios of Perugino and Raphael.

The only valid obstacles to the election of Godfrey were political. Rome's panacea for the Holy Land was a papal vice-royalty in the form of a temporal and spiritual patriarchate. There must be no king where Christ trod. On the other hand, all the chiefs of the First Crusade had done homage to the Greek Emperor at Constantinople, who wanted no *regnum in regno.* Under these conditions, the casting vote rested with the Frankish barons and chivalry who were Godfrey's rivals. A species of feudal republic with a weak overlord was more to their mind than a compact monarchy; and they got it. Their diet elected Godfrey of Lorraine Advocate of the Holy Sepulcher and captain of its armies, with the scantiest other prerogatives and advantages of presidency. One may cite his wilfully unheraldic arms among them: *argent, a cross or.* Metal on metal is contrary to the rules of blazonry, so that anyone noticing this irregular escutcheon was compelled to inquire who bore it.

Moreover, none of the Defender's vassals owed their fiefs to his favor. Every first-comer strong enough to seize and hold one had already helped himself to a county or a barony, or to a potential manor, during the advance southward. Thus, the Holy City and its suburbs must perforce be its ruler's only direct domain, with a refractory commons and clergy to abridge even that!

Godfrey enjoyed his precarious precedence only one year. His deathbed indication of his brother Baldwin of Edessa as the best man to succeed him prevailed, and Baldwin, an ambitious, masterful spirit, was no sooner elected king instead of Advocate, than he had himself anointed and claimed the homage of his fellow-princes of Syria! The notion of heredity, the idea of a monarchy by the grace of God, and a new title of overlordship from the southern slopes of Mount Taurus north of Antioch to Mount Sinai and the Red Sea had already vitiated the original plan of an elective lord-protectorate. The exception swiftly becomes a rule: Baldwin II was able to pass the crown of Jerusalem to his daughter Melisenda, who leaves it to a child of seven summers. William of Tyre writes of this third Baldwin's coronation in 1144, how "they had a knight carry him to the

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Temple in his arms because he was little, but would be no lower than they; the knight was a big man and tall."

The Frankish kingdom remained a loose federation fully sixty years from its erection in 1100. The crown could not pass an assize, or coerce a great nobleman, without the sanction of an oligarchical high court composed of four major and twelve minor vassals.[1] The Frankish war-lord was, however, the real captain of a fighting outpost of Christendom, whose very law of being comported no enduring peace with the infidel. The atabegs of Damascus and Mosul, and the caliphs of Bagdad and Cairo were little minded to brook the pretensions of an aggressive United States of the Levant. Their armies broke into the Holy Land once and again. Baldwin I added the old Phœnician seaports St. John d'Acre, Sidon and Beirut to his realm by conquest, and attempted an invasion of Egypt. King Amaury I conquered Ascalon; but the County of Edessa went under. Saladin of Damascus was to overrun the French kingdom and retake Jerusalem itself in 1187. Sultan Bibars the Mameluke worsted the Christian army at Gaza with a slaughter of ten thousand in 1244. One hundred thousand Christians perished in a massacre at Sidon, quite worthy of our own century.

What manner of army did king and constable command?

Antioch and Tripoli were bound to support the royal host, as it was called, by an instant mobilization of one hundred knights bannerets each. The County of Edessa, while it lasted, owed five hundred lances. The noble fiefs of Judea furnished 577 knights, with their retinues, and its churches and townspeople had to produce 5,025 sergeants with their pelotons. Add the voluntary levies of the militant orders of the Hospital of St. John and of the Temple, whose grand-masters ended by housing up to one thousand seasoned and well-disciplined troopers in a single fort.[2] The Teutonic Knights, whose Castle Montfort towers in Galilee like a stone sentry from the Rhine, were a later development. Recourse was had also to native and foreign mercenaries, who received good pay. The native element thus added to the host includes the Christian populations of Syria, and the admirable infantry that could be made of the toil-stout Armenians of the north-east country. The foreign embraces Greeks of

[1] Madelin, *La Syrie Franque. Revue des Deux Mondes*, March, 1917.
[2] Rey, *Etude sur l'architecture militaire des Croisés.* Paris, 1871.

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the diaspora, Italian archers, and a motley crew of European adventurers. Thus recruited, the united host of the Holy Sepulcher might reach 40,000 men-at-arms.

If the prestige of the crown remained insufficient after Amaury's conversion of his oligarchical high court into something like a real parliament, we must lay the fault to the narrow limits of its direct dominion, to the arid climate and the spare soil of Palestine. Even within the kingdom, Jerusalem might reasonably envy sea-faring Tripoli its forests on Mount Lebanon, and Antioch's signal advantages. For a sturdier native race and a shrewder breed of conquerors made the enterprise of state-building a safer gamble in that quarter than any prince of Jerusalem ever found it, to say nothing of Antioch's ample area and other resources. Our modern magicians of empire will do well to remember this.

Did I say shrewder breed? Your Norman is a realist. There were soap factories at Antioch. So a modern painter of the historical scenes that our nineteenth century parents loved would be no arrant falsifier, if he painted a knot of hard-headed Antiochene monks and squires trading meadows, horses and cattle over cups of hard cider at a heavy deal table, under the cross-vaulting of a Gothic cloister, with nothing but a Californian flora in the yard to betray the southern latitude of Capharda or of Maïra-La Maire. Not to be outdone by their Norman allies, the Franks were building breweries at Jerusalem. But in the long run the East gave more than it took. The same Frankish enterprise established sugar refineries at Tyre, and coaxed golden vintages of Cyprus to ripen on shoots brought from Jericho. We know that the culture of the peach and the apricot, of the almond, of the lemon-tree, the citrus and the orange, of the carnation and the garden rose reached Europe by way of Syria.

The Norman and Frankish junkers and clergy left the secondary industries and trades to the colonial bourgeoisie and to the native element. The presence of three bodies of natives occupying an inferior position, Jews, Moslems and Christians, and of many varieties of aliens, did much, in Syria, to soften the antagonisms between the nobles and the commons. And there was another social bridge. Many men of low rank fought their way up to knighthood in Palestine, just as their betters fought and intrigued their advancement to prouder privileges. Syria and Palestine became, in fact,

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the promised land of medieval Europe, much as portions of America became the old world's Eldorado four centuries later.

For the rest, if one might measure a commonwealth's activity by the conspicuousness and bustle of its trade, instead of its raw volume, any medieval center of industry must have looked livelier than one of our own ports or factory towns, and infinitely more human. Think of one hundred galleons dropping anchor at Joppa in a single day, as compared to one Messageries steamship. What are twelve twenty-ton freight cars to twelve hundred camels? The spirit of Ruskin would have revelled in Franco-Syria's steamless handicrafts. Four thousand looms at Tripoli produced plain, watered and pattern silks. Five hundred Jewish families conducted its famous dye-works. Show me the western dyes that will endure like the yellow and crimson of a couple of saddle-blankets I once found in an Arab bazar, and let hang three years on curtain rods, exposed to fierce afternoon suns, without being able to distinguish any fade on either side of them.

The rapid passing of religious fanaticism with the rulers of the Christian East deserves attention. The pogrom spirit had been rampant enough at first. Peter the Hermit and the author of the *Chanson d'Antioche* held a soldier of the Cross in poor esteem if he was not a glutton for "meat of Turks." But the sons and nephews of their ogreish heroes mated with schismatic Greek and Armenian princesses, and some of their grandsons resisted the long dark lashes of an infidel daughter of Arabia very feebly or not at all! Presently, too, like all good colony builders from Rameses the Great to our own War Department, the Christian princes of the East bethought themselves to enroll the very natives they came to massacre in their own army, by creating a turbaned Moslem cavalry and infantry. These infidels battled for the Cross like tigers on many a hard field. Worse and worse, Latin princes and knights began to strut in the flowing muslins and silks of the Orient, wearing jewelled scimitars of Damascus steel, aigretted turbans and turn-up shoes of Cordovan morocco. A coin of Antioch displays the usual Byzantine bust of Christ with a halo. . . . Reverse, a bearded prince in flowing Syrian dress, with the Greek legend *The great emir Tankredos!* For all that, the foundations of the new culture remained French,

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not eastern. Tyre has a Gothic cathedral. Extant Gothic arcades still struggle to frame the old market square at Jerusalem. Strongholds of western design like Castles Beaufort and Montréal on the slopes of cedared Lebanon, and Château Blanche-Garde, commanding the roads to Egypt between Jerusalem and Ascalon, studded Palestine by hundreds.

The transmission of the Christian thrones of the Levant in the female line adds a touch of romance to the genealogies of Outre-Mer.[1] King Amaury's two daughters Sibyl and Isabel were queens of Jerusalem in their own right, and were able to convey its elective crown to four husbands. Queen Isabel's daughter Mary, a child of twelve, reigns alone until at seventeen she weds John of Brienne, who becomes king of Jerusalem and, later, emperor-regent of the Roman Empire East. Their daughter Isabel, another child-queen, bestowed her hand and her sadly impaired kingdom on that picturesque west-easterly dreamer Frederick II of the Hohenstaufens, King of Sicily and Emperor of the West. We know by an imperial lip that his kingly spirit has often walked with Kaiser Wilhelm of the Hohenzollerns, beckoning him ever and anon, no doubt, to perform that fateful pilgrimage of his to Jerusalem.

Frederick's eastern exploit was rather neat for a royal crusader laboring under the handicap of a papal excommunication: he persuaded the sultan of Egypt to retrocede the Holy Cities of Jerusalem and Bethlehem and Nazareth to himself and God and Isabel, planted his feet in shining armor on Mount Zion, proclaimed Judea a free country, and returned to Europe. His wife's subjects had the spirit to declare the Emperor escheat of the crown which he had lifted from the altar in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher without benefit of clergy, in favor of Alice of Cyprus, whose great-grandsons John and Henry II de Lusignan will be the last heirs to both kingdoms.

The dying Latin state of the mainland loses its last foothold at Tyre on the 13th of July, A. D. 1291. The only aggressive Crusaders we shall descry henceforth are the German Knights of the Sword and of the Teutonic Order, whose bloody conquest of Slavonic Prussia has brought Europe unto this last.

[1] Mas-Latrie, *Trésor de chronologie*, etc. Paris, 1889. Du Cange, *Les familles d'Outre-Mer*. Paris, 1869. *Encycl. Britannica*, s. v. *Crusades*.

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Instead of echoing the lament of Christendom at Saladin's conquest of Jerusalem city and citadel, one hundred years before their definitive surrender to Islam—as Walter Mapes found words to voice it in his diary of the smart set's club meetings at the court of King Henry II of England, promoter of the Third Crusade—let us take a brave, soldierly look at the world's present stress and storm, and the way out. For its political problem in the Near East is going to be the same that confronted the Crusaders.

Is there to be a criminal slump to that contemptible pis-aller of helpless diplomats, the *status quo ante bellum?* No national rescues, no penalties of folly paid, no reconstruction, no revivals, no births of new freedom, no ventures in statecraft? There is one heroic, war-transfigured nation that will endure no such cowardice, thank God! The voice of twenty empires and republics has already proclaimed the verdict of history. The sentence on Germany's case, or rather on its dearth of a case, can safely be left to the justice and mercy of regenerate France.

The righteous reconstruction of the Crusaders' empire presents a knottier problem, on account of its badly shuffled creeds, languages and nationalities. Let them be unshuffled, then. A solution that ignores these vital realities, or the fearful economic, political and social backwardness of the whole Levant, after its three and a half to six centuries of Turkish misrule, can only prove harmful and sterile.

Here the big lesson of history seems to be the lesson of the Crusader kingdoms: not a formulist liberty that is a sister-german to anarchy, but a reign of justice; not a senseless equality, but a liberal coördination of live factors; not a vaporous, unreal fraternity of the human species male and female, but a marshalling of clans and creeds; and above all a vitalization of resources under Occidental tutelage. Nor is it in vain that all the governments the Orient has given birth to have worn a feudal or a dynastic color, commonly both. Egypt under British control is a re-organized Pharaonic kingdom, and rightly so. You cannot make republicans of bees. Napoleon, who knew his Orient, would have dismissed the internationalization of Palestine (a plan which the Allies are said to have been discussing in deadly earnest) as rank imbecility.

Otherwise, the fair sorting out on the map of five occu-

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pant nationalities is no desperate enterprise; for any race will cluster where land, labor, a fair deal and a flag of its own beckon. Lord Bryce admits in a recent letter that London has determined to oust the Ottoman tyranny from Mount Sinai to the slopes of Mount Taurus north of Alexandretta. General Murray, the captain of Britain's legions in Judea, has acknowledged his conversion to the Zionist idea on geographical grounds. Mr. Lloyd George is not far from espousing it constructively. Who builds utopias with heads of their caliber is no dilettante. East and West do meet in the Beni-Israel, whose name is legion. The Hebrews deserve more than a refuge in Palestine. Princess Iolanda of Savoy would make them a pretty queen. I mean this suggestion seriously. And albeit no larger than Vermont and New Hampshire, the storied lands from Sinai to Hermon are an enviable kingdom, with room for a score of earldoms. King Solomon himself in all his glory did not rule Tyre and Sidon.

From this north, a revived kingdom of Syria should perhaps include both Tripoli and inland Antioch, once the chief city of the eastern world. Let Mohammedan emirs at Edessa, Aleppo and Homs be persuaded to bow to the suzerainty of a French house reigning at Antioch, with a duke of Tripoli. Palmyra the unforgotten, and white Damascus of the million date-palms, bear a kindred relation to the proposed kingdom of Palestine, where sites like Tyre and Sidon also fairly prompt not only their costly material improvement, but their political erection into free ports and city-republics, those best nurses of civic liberty.

The spacious vilayet of Adana with its mountain rear-barrier, over against Cyprus, is practically identical with the Lusignan kingdom of Lesser Armenia. Its restoration would provide a happy outlet for Armenian enterprise, and the princely house of Lusignan is not extinct.

Lastly, memories of the Latin rulers who governed the island for close upon four hundred years carry the tourist's mind and heart back to Middle Age and Renaissance glories of Cyprus, wherever he roams on that pearl of the Midland Sea, from his landfalls at Famagosta and Limasol up to The Queen's Garden at gusty Buffavento. Wasn't it there that Desdemona let fall her fated handkerchief? Unless England forgets her present devotion to the rights of small nations, it is the destiny of Cyprus to revert to Greece.

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In the matter of federation, the political future of the Levant ought to be largely modelled on the Swiss and North American republics, leaving other features of a progressive regional self-government to be perfected hereafter without violating the gradualness of natural evolutions everywhere and always. But it is wholly unnecessary to inflict all the queer blossoms of our modern democratic statecraft on populations whose ideas still find their more natural expression in terms of a fairytale.

ALFRED EMERSON.

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PROBLEMS OF MILITARY TRANSPORTATION

BY MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM HARDING CARTER, U. S. A.

We have stood at the threshold of war for nearly three years without the nation itself having formulated any very definite ideas as to what course we would pursue in event of being drawn into the maelstrom in Europe. This neglect is quite pardonable when viewed in the light of our past history, because up to the present period no American authority ever contemplated for a moment any conditions of world war which would draw our troops to the field of battle in Europe. Our course for three-quarters of a century has been to attend quite strictly to our own affairs, relying upon the Monroe doctrine to protect us from foreign aggression on this continent and upon our common sense, good will and righteous intention to save us from war upon any other continent.

The American forces now being prepared for service in France comprise the regular army, the national guard of the States, and the drafted men who are to compose the new national army. The mobilization and movement of all these forces to their stations for training before embarkation to the theatre of war in France constitutes a remarkable tribute to the efficiency of our railway systems, which have never been run as parts of the military organization, as is the practice in Europe. It is a matter of grave doubt whether Government-owned railroads on this continent would have solved the problems of transportation any better, if as well, as has been done by the corporations themselves.

Previous to the declaration of war with Germany, and its announcement by the President, Congress had decided that the regular army was not large enough to carry on its duties in time of peace, including the operations which, for

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the last five or six years, have demanded so large a force along the Mexican border, and authorized a considerable increase of the army to be added in five annual increments. Only one of these had been added when war was declared. The entire increase was then ordered at once. This reorganization of the army, with all its attendant breaking-up of old organizations and creation of new regiments from skeleton battalions, has had to go on at the same time that the national guard was being mobilized in camps in the several States.

The provisions for the calling out of the drafted army necessarily took some time. Meanwhile the movement to assemble the regulars and national guard in convenient organizations for the preliminary training for foreign service was begun. The transportation of these troops from their home stations to the division camps and the transportation of the drafted men to their cantonments, at some of which as many as 40,000 men are to be quartered, required different treatment from anything within the recent experience of our railroads in the matter of troop transportation.

It had been recognized early in the summer, after war was declared, that some more definite and centralized control of railroad systems would be necessary if the troops and supplies essential to war on the part of ourselves and the Allies were to be transported without interruption to their several destinations. In this emergency the railroad organizations were called into conference and there was established at Washington a committee with a highly trained presiding officer to control and direct all the operations of the railroads in so far as necessary to insure a free movement of troops and supplies without congestion in any part of the great systems.

It is a matter of history that five days after the declaration of war against Germany the presidents of the American railroads met at the national capitol and agreed that during the war they would subordinate every other interest to help win the war; that they would eliminate all competitive rivalry and merge their interests under the direction of the American Railway Association's special committee on national defense.

Since that date the operation of all the railroads of the country has been under the direct jurisdiction of an executive committee of five, located at Washington. Under that

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committee is a general committee in charge of the details. For the purpose of coöperating with the War Department, its territorial or department divisions of the United States were adopted by the railroads and a committee of railway officials was appointed for each department.

To every army department headquarters was assigned an expert in railway operation, with a corps of assistants placed at railroad centers, on whom rests the responsibility for the movement by rail of troops, munitions and supplies as desired by the military authorities. The experience and efficiency of this railway official, with the authority over all roads vested in him, proved of inestimable value to the War Department.

Various periods were set aside for the use of the railroads with a view to as little interference as possible with the regular passenger and freight traffic. The movement of drafted men of the new national army involved more men, but the movement of the widely scattered national guard was a much more difficult problem for the railroads. The War Department had determined that during the movement of the drafted men of the national army there should be no movement of the national guard. Among the periods allotted for the use of the railroads that between September 24 and October 1 was designated as available for the movement of national guard organizations of the Central Department. The carrying out of this movement affords an illustration of what can be done when all are working to a common, patriotic purpose.

To prevent congestion at the concentration camps or on the railroads it was necessary to perfect a plan covering every detail. This plan showed the location of every national guard unit, the exact time for its entrainment, the railway route to be used, the speed schedule to be followed, and the time of arrival at destination. From five to twelve days in advance of the movement of the national guard every railroad participating in it knew exactly what service it would have to perform. The movement was started on the evening of September 24 and completed on October 1. The railway equipment required 750 sleeping cars, 1,500 coaches and baggage cars, not including freight cars.

How well the plans were made is shown by the fact that the movement was carried out in such a manner that there was not more than one regiment on any one railroad on

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any one day, and that not more than one regiment arrived at any camp on the same day. During this period eighty-two organizations, in fourteen States, were moved to their new stations. The transportation involved 2,571 officers, 83,751 enlisted men, with baggage, tents, wagons and animals.

Without an accident to a single man, without delay at point of origin, en route, or at destination, without a hitch in the arrangements as originally planned, the officers and men of the national guard scattered in fourteen States were transported by rail in one week to the distant cantonments designated by the War Department. That is a record of which every American has a right to be proud. It is more remarkable in view of the fact that it was made at a time when the railways were handling the heaviest commercial traffic, both freight and passenger, ever known. Just two things made that record possible—organization and coöperation; the organization of our army, the organization of our entire transportation lines into practically a single system; and the hearty coöperation of these two highly developed organizations.

The whole movement of the national guard in the very short time allotted, without causing congestion on the railroads or at the camp destinations, could not have been effected but for the unification of the railroads agreed upon by their presidents and carried out through what is commonly called the railroads' war board. The railway equipment necessary was provided regardless of ownership. Many railroads which were required to furnish cars for the movement did not haul any of the troops. That is practical patriotism which the country should appreciate.

While the preference would have been given by the railroads to this military traffic in any event, the fact that it was not necessary to change the regularly scheduled passenger trains proves that the interests of the traveling public were also carefully considered when the plans were made for the national guard movement. The facts most clearly demonstrated are the advantages to the Government of close coöperation between the military authorities and the railroads, and that heavy military movements can be made without drawing on the resources of the railroads to an extent that interferes to an appreciable degree with regular commercial traffic.

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Among the things which must not be discussed now are the embarkation and sailing for foreign ports of the army which is to bear our flag on the European battle fields, nor is it deemed appropriate to announce the routes or movements of organizations on their way to mobilization camps or ports of embarkation.

When the war with Spain began we were entirely without any deep sea transportation service, nor had we had any experience to indicate to us what course we should pursue in creating one. Our subsequent experience was remarkable indeed when we consider the very small losses sustained during nearly twenty years' operation of the army transport service. When one searches the register of commercial ships and observes the number lost at sea during the period of nearly twenty years that the army has been operating its deep sea transportation we must come to the conclusion that our freedom from accident and loss arises not from mere good fortune but from careful preparation and the maintenance of very high standards upon all our Government vessels.

The number of soldiers conveyed back and forth across the wide expanse of the Pacific Ocean, long since passed above the million mark, practically without loss, constitutes one of the most remarkable stories of military experience. Not only have the troops been conveyed in perfect safety but thousands upon thousands of public animals have also been carried on our ships, and all in such comfort that they have generally been deemed ready for immediate service upon disembarkation on the opposite side of the world. We are now confronted with the necessity for transporting even larger numbers than has been heretofore within our experience to the scene of warfare in Europe.

The small fleet of army transports will cut an insignificant figure in this movement, but we shall base all our operations in that line on the splendid experience which has come to us since the war with Spain and the occupation of the distant Philippine Islands. That the problems to be encountered in this great movement will be met by the army in the same manner in which it has met and solved so many other problems may be accepted as certain in the light of our past history.

William Harding Carter.

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THE TARIFF COMMISSION AND ITS WORK

BY WILLIAM S. CULBERTSON

HENRY GEORGE used to say that the way to solve the tariff problem was to abolish the customs houses. He thought that a tariff for revenue was only a degree less obnoxious than a tariff for protection. But the tariff problem is not—shall we say unfortunately?—so simple of solution. The abolition of the customs houses, or even the abandonment of a general tariff, is not regarded by any influential group of men as practicable or desirable for this country. It is now generally agreed that the tariff in some form has become a permanent part of the fiscal and industrial policy of the United States.

Just what form the tariff shall take, and upon what principles it shall be formulated, will continue in this country to be matters of political controversy. That group of public men which regards revenue as the primary purpose of the tariff will be set against that which regards its primary purpose to be the protection of American industries, and the final arbiter between them will always be the American people.

The growing desire in this country, however, that tariff making should be more scientific, and that Congress should have a permanent and reliable source of tariff information at its disposal, has led to the advocacy of a tariff commission. All the political parties have urged the creation of such a commission, and from time to time many bills have been introduced into Congress providing for its establishment. Even before any of them became law the country received the services of a tariff board, through the action of President Taft. President Taft was authorized by the Tariff Act of 1909 "to employ such persons as may be required" to assist him in carrying into effect certain pro-

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visions of that Act. He appointed three Republicans, and this board became the nucleus about which grew up the first genuine, although temporary, tariff commission this country ever had. Their first work was the administration of the maximum and minimum clause of the Payne-Aldrich Act. They then began the preparation of what Mr. Taft called the "glossary or encyclopedia of the existing tariff so as to render its terms intelligible to the ordinary reader." It also undertook the study of industrial conditions and the costs of production at home and abroad. In March, 1911, the board was increased by the addition of two Democratic members. Congress appropriated substantial sums for its work, and in a comparatively short time it published reports on chemicals, news-print paper, Canadian reciprocity, raw wool, manufactures of wool, and manufactures of cotton. In many ways the work of this board revealed the value and the need for a permanent tariff commission. Its investigations were conducted scientifically, and its experiences furnish many valuable suggestions for the new tariff commission in its work of organization and investigation.

The present Tariff Commission, established by an Act of Congress approved September 8, 1916, is the first permanent government body in this country whose sole purpose is the scientific examination of the tariff question. Its six members were appointed by the President in March, 1917, and it was organized for business on April 1, 1917.[1]

It is not the policy of the Tariff Commission to bolster up any particular tariff theory. It is strictly non-partisan. Its aim is to secure data which may be utilized both by the advocates of tariff for revenue and by the protectionists, but as a commission it advocates the policy of neither. It proposes to examine the effects of tariff rates from every angle. Its duties include the study of the fiscal effect of the customs laws and their relation to the Federal revenue. Customs duties have always been an important source of Federal revenue and, for this reason, the Commission may be expected not only to assist Congress in studying the revenue producing power of the tariff but also in suggesting how the income and expenditures of the Government may be properly correlated.

[1] The members of the United States Tariff Commission on the date of its organization were: F. W. Taussig, Chairman; Daniel C. Roper, Vice Chairman; David J. Lewis; William Kent; William S. Culbertson; and Edward P. Costigan.

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No phase of the tariff is more a subject of controversy than its effect on prices. Since very little concrete information exists on the subject the discussion has been largely confined to theoretical deductions either to prove or to disprove that a tariff on imports increases prices. As a help to our theorizing we need a full examination of the facts. Only a governmental body with power to demand information and facilities to cover a wide field can make an investigation that will be of value. There is every reason to think that the Tariff Commission can throw real light on this dark corner of the tariff controversy.

Another phase of the tariff which the Commission is to investigate is its industrial effect both on the manufacturer and the laborer. The relation of tariff duties to competitive conditions has been of supreme importance in American tariff controversies. In their platform of 1908 the Republicans declared that "In all protective legislation the true principle of protection is best maintained by the imposition of such duties as will equal the difference between the cost of production at home and abroad, together with a reasonable profit to American industries." "We believe," the Progressive platform of 1912 says, "in a protective tariff which shall equalize conditions of competition between the United States and foreign countries." The Democrats, in framing the Tariff Act of 1913, claimed to have been guided by the principle of a "competitive tariff." These three declarations are merely different ways of stating the same principle. They show how very important competitive conditions are in the enactment of tariff legislation. In addition to its plenary power to get information in this country the Tariff Commission has power to investigate conditions, causes, and effects relating to competition of foreign industries with those of the United States, including dumping and cost of production.

Still another phase of the Tariff Commission's work, to which the war has given far-reaching importance, is its power to investigate the tariff relations between the United States and foreign countries, commercial treaties, preferential provisions, such as bargaining tariffs, bounties, and economic alliances. In the past the tariff laws of the United States have been framed chiefly with domestic conditions in mind, and reciprocity and bargaining features have been tacked on as afterthoughts. Commercial treaties and the bargaining

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aspect of the tariff will be of supreme importance after the war. This country has taken a leading and permanent place in international affairs. By giving the Commission comprehensive powers to investigate treaty and foreign tariff problems, Congress recognized the necessity of information which will enable this country to meet the new international problems which will confront it.

The Tariff Commission has an important part in the current work of government. Less than three weeks after its organization it submitted to Congress its first report, which recommended the enactment of a so-called " padlock law " for the purpose of conserving revenue from customs duties and internal taxation during the time a revenue bill is being debated in Congress.

In order to simplify the administration of the customs it has drafted a revision and codification of our customs administrative laws. Existing statutes—many of them antiquated and confusing—and the new code will be submitted to Congress in parallel columns for consideration. If enacted into law, this revision will make customs administration fairer and add to the revenues of the Government.

The Commission and its members have also been called upon by Congress for assistance and advice in framing war revenue legislation.

Business men have brought to the Commission their war time problems. An interesting case was that of the producers of ocean pearl and fresh water pearl buttons, who claimed that their industries are being seriously affected by the rapidly increasing imports of pearl buttons from Japan. The sugar interests of the country are furnishing the Commission with data which bring up to date existing reports. The producers of glass, pottery, textiles, and, above all, chemicals, have been in touch with the Commission.

The chemical industries are of the greatest importance in modern warfare. Remarkable advances have been made in this country in the production of explosives and of such related products as nitric, picric, and sulphuric acids, benzol, toluol, and acetone. The most striking progress has been in the production of intermediates and dyes. While the investigation of the Tariff Commission on chemicals is general, it is placing particular emphasis upon coal tar products. The intermediates, from which dyes are made, are also the raw materials for explosives. Factories which produce dyes,

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can with comparative ease turn a part of their plant to the production of explosives.

War disturbances in industry and trade are being considered by the Commission in order to assist both in mobilizing our economic forces against our common enemy and in enabling the country to meet more intelligently the problems which will arise after the war. By means of hearings and field work information is being obtained from representatives of industry, foreign trade and labor. Among the questions considered are the interruption of supplies of raw materials, substitutes adopted, present conditions and tendencies in industries, expansion of industrial plants due to war conditions and their plans for readjustment to normal times again, the effect of the war on labor conditions, and the development of our foreign trade during the war.

This brings us to the most important aspect of the work of the Tariff Commission. The Commission was created as a part of a program of preparedness for peace. The European War had been in progress more than two years when Congress, in September, 1916, passed the Act creating the Commission. World conditions were not changed essentially between that time and April 6, 1917, when Congress declared a state of war to exist between this country and Germany. The effect of the war on the economic life of our nation was evident to Congressmen. It must be so to every other thoughtful student of our times. Now is the time for observation. War is modifying our views of labor, of distribution, of public finance and production. In fact, it is shaking the whole traditional structure of our economic life.

The Tariff Commission is fully aware of this situation. It is now directing a large part of its energies to the consideration of after-the-war problems. No industries have been more profoundly revolutionized by the war than those relating to chemistry. Peace will bring with it for them serious problems of readjustment. Under war demands such stable industries as those which produce caustic soda and bleaching powder have increased their production. So with the electro-chemical industries. New supplies of potash have been developed. Congress, in the same Act by which it created the Tariff Commission, enacted increased protective duties on coal tar products. Our supply of coal tar dyes, which before the war came almost wholly from Germany, is now largely produced in this country and we are

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receiving from abroad today more money for dyes exported than we sent abroad to pay for dyes before the war. Such almost magical changes in our industrial life require careful consideration, both by manufacturers and the Government. By field and research work the Tariff Commission is bringing together the information upon which Congress may base a sound policy toward our chemical industries.

Dumping is a form of unfair competition. In the law of September 8, 1916, it was defined to be the systematic importation of an article into the United States at a price substantially less than the actual market value in the foreign market plus certain charges, with the intent of destroying, injuring or preventing the establishment of an industry in the United States, or of restraining the trade in this country in such an article. Before the war the German dye industry used dumping, as here defined, and other forms of unfair competition to maintain its international monopoly. In England, Japan, and France, as well as in the United States, competing industries have been established during the war. The German industry with its great financial and technical strength may be expected to go to any lengths to regain its lost markets. In anticipation of difficulties in this and other lines, the Tariff Commission is investigating the operation of the dumping laws of other countries, particularly Canada, and taking other steps to bring together all pertinent information which will assist in the formulation of an effective method for handling dumping cases.

The Tariff Commission is not a report manufactory. It does from time to time give out the results of its work in printed form, but its files and technical staff are to be organized to give assistance immediately, both to the committees and members of Congress and the President upon any subject touching its jurisdiction. The most conspicuous example of this part of its activity is its tariff information catalog. A mere glance through any tariff act impresses the observer with the multitude and diversity of articles affected, and this complexity is only emphasized by a more detailed examination. The tariff information catalog is in the nature of an unpublished, up-to-date encyclopedia, intended to cover every important article affected by the tariff law. Here may be found information, not only on well-known articles of commerce, but on such articles as agates, acetic acid, zaffer, argol, beauxite, decalcomanias and degras. The information

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collected will be confined to facts that are significant for tariff purposes. It will include statistics of imports, exports, and foreign and domestic production, rates of duty and the amount of revenue they produce, prices, a description of processes of manufacture, raw materials used, and general data on competitive conditions, markets, and trade.

The preparation of such an all-inclusive catalog requires time. As it develops it will be of real value to Congress in framing scientific legislation. Its establishment is a definite step away from the traditional practice in this country of conducting a tariff investigation only under the excitement of a tariff revision.

The work of the Tariff Commission extends not only to the domestic but to the foreign aspect of the tariff and its administration. In recognition of the growing importance to this country of foreign trade, it is making an inquiry into the experiences of other countries with free zones or ports and the desirability of them on our Atlantic, Gulf, and Pacific coasts.

In addition to its general power to investigate commercial treaties, preferential provisions, and alliances, the Tariff Commission was specifically empowered to investigate "the Paris Economy Pact and similar organizations and arrangements in Europe." Into the subject of treaties, international tariffs, and economic alliances, the Commission is going in the greatest detail. The varying interpretations of the most-favored-nation clause in commercial treaties; the commercial treaties of the United States, many of which will need revision in the light of modern conditions; the reciprocity experiences of the United States under the Tariff Acts of 1890 and 1897, and with Cuba, Canada, and Brazil; the bargaining tariffs and commercial treaty systems of European countries, including the general and conventional tariff of Germany and the maximum and minimum tariff of France; existing and proposed preferential arrangements within the British Empire; the commercial treaties of Latin America; the tariff and treaty problems of the Far East—these are the main topics to be covered in the Commission's forthcoming report on treaties, bargaining tariffs and commercial policy.

As soon as conditions abroad warrant it, some members of the Commission will make a trip to foreign countries for the purpose of obtaining information on developments

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during the war which will supplement and complete the investigation now being made in this country.

The years following the war will see more treaty making and tariff adjustments than any other period in the world's history. Congress has empowered the Tariff Commission to assist in preparing this country for the part it must inevitably play in the work of international reconstruction. If the world is to have permanent peace, if our commercial policies are to be reared on lasting foundations, if trade wars and commercial antagonisms are to be avoided, we must understand every phase of the commercial policies of the nations of the world; we must be prepared to enter the Peace Conference with facts and principles upon which may be founded an economic as well as a political peace.

Other nations are preparing for peace in time of war. In October, 1916, Germany created a new division in the Imperial Ministry to look after so-called "transition economics" or to prepare for trade immediately after the war. Austrian and German chambers of commerce have held at least three conferences for the purpose of bringing about a closer economic union of the two empires. At the one in Vienna, in November, 1915, it was agreed that in negotiating commercial treaties, the Allied Central Powers should act together, and that they should reciprocally grant preferential treatment to each other's products, and that other states should be added only by mutual consent. Great Britain has created a Minister of Reconstruction, who is responsible to the House of Commons. His work is "to consider and advise upon the problems which may arise after the termination of the present war." A Commercial Intelligence Department has also been created, under the control of a new parliamentary secretary. Its work will be the unifying of the work of the Commercial Attachés and Consuls. The Dominions Royal Commission submitted its final report in February, 1917, on natural resources, trade and legislation of the Dominions. Great Britain, Canada, New Zealand, South Africa, Newfoundland and India were represented at an Imperial Conference in March and April, 1917. One of the resolutions adopted declared in favor of imperial preference. The Committee of the House of Commons on commercial and industrial policy announced on February 2, 1917: "We, therefore, recommend that H. M. Government should now declare their adherence to the principle that pref-

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erence should be accorded to the products and manufactures of the British Overseas Dominions in respect to any customs duties now or hereafter to be imposed on imports into the United Kingdom."

In March and September, 1916, the Scandinavian countries held economic conferences for the purpose of considering measures to conserve the rights of neutrals and to safeguard the independence of the Scandinavian countries in the economic struggle which may follow the war. The best known of these activities in foreign countries, of which those already mentioned are merely conspicuous examples, is the Paris Economic Conference, which met in June, 1916. The recommendations of this Conference included measures for the war period, transitory measures for the period of commercial and industrial reconstruction of the Allied countries, and permanent measures of mutual assistance among the Allies.

Apart from the particular measures considered abroad, with which we are not directly concerned here, the activity of foreign countries in the study of the problems of reconstruction is alone a sufficient justification for similar work in this country. It is proper that we should regard the winning of the war as the supreme duty of the moment. But we can not wait until the end of the war to consider the complex problems which will then confront us. The imperative need of economic preparedness now will be as evident when hostilities cease and trade and industry attempt to return to the normal conditions of peace as military preparedness is today.

WILLIAM S. CULBERTSON.

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BEN BUTLER AND THE "STOLEN SPOONS"

THE DOCUMENTS IN THE CASE, FROM HIS UNPUBLISHED "PRIVATE AND OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE"

BY WILLIAM DANA ORCUTT

It is a tribute to the personality of any man to have so impressed himself upon his generation that the mere mention of his name twenty-five years after his death revives the animosities of his period and stimulates antagonistic comment on the part of a later generation which has known him only by hearsay.

I was walking past the State House in Boston with a friend, and glancing from the anti-climax of the gilded dome to the grotesque statue of General Banks I innocently remarked: "They never succeeded in getting a statue of Butler erected there, did they?"

"Why should they?" my friend demanded, assuming a controversial attitude.

"Why shouldn't they?" I insisted, interested to draw him out.

"A statue to that thief and rascal!" he exclaimed hotly. "It would be a disgrace to Massachusetts."

"What did he steal?" I continued my interrogations.

"Why, everything in sight—down at New Orleans."

"Do you *know* that he actually stole anything?"

"Every one knows that," he replied with conviction.

"Just what does 'every one' *know* that he stole in New Orleans?" I insisted, to see if I could pin him down.

"Why—silver spoons, for one thing; they caught him with the goods."

I am frank to say that my friend expressed an opinion of General Butler which I myself had shared until a few weeks previous to this conversation. I, too, had been brought

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up with an idea that he was a " thief and a rascal." I had read the impassioned attack made on Butler in 1914 by Colonel F. S. Hesseltine, not realizing that this was the aftermath of an order issued by General Butler in 1862 to place Colonel Hesseltine under arrest as a " discontented, unfaithful, and cowardly officer." I had read the comment made by James Ford Rhodes: " This then is Butler: a general without capacity, a man without character." It is true that in his history Rhodes qualifies his estimate by admitting that " the charges against Butler can never be proved," but it had not occurred to me that an historian would state as facts anything based merely on hearsay, however general or popular that hearsay might have become.

These, and many other statements, had resulted in enrolling me among those who believed that Butler was a " thief and a rascal," and when the opportunity came for me to peruse and study the mass of Butler's unpublished private and official correspondence, I approached it with no expectation other than of having my preconceived opinion absolutely confirmed. To my intense surprise, I found the basis of the various charges to rest principally upon two vital characteristics of the man: Butler antagonized by his manner; he laid himself open to attack by his disregard of red tape. The actual charges made against him for incapacity as a general, substantiated by *partial* quotations from General Grant, were made ridiculous when the full and complete statements came to be examined. Grant himself realized this when he said to John Russell Young, afterwards United States Minister to China, " Butler is a man it is a fashion to abuse, but he is a man who has done to the country great service and who is worthy of its gratitude." [1]

Out of the mass of Butler's unpublished letters I have selected those which tell the story of the " silver spoons," which my friend assured me " every one " knew were " stolen." Here are the letters. They tell their own story with little editorial comment:

[*Translation*]

204 St. Charles Street,
New Orleans, December 17th, 1862.

To MAJOR GENERAL BUTLER, in the City.

General: On the 9th of August, 1862, Mrs. Ferguson, furnished

[1] *Around the World with General Grant*, volume II, p. 304.

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with a regular pass from Head Quarters, set out to rejoin her husband and children in the interior of Louisiana, whereat landing at the Stock Ferry Landing she was arrested by police officers, stationed there by your orders, and brought back to the city under the charge of smuggling. After undergoing an investigation, Mrs. Ferguson had her person and baggage searched, and the result of these searches was to show that among the effects of this lady were two bundles of newspapers consisting of New Orleans and New York journals, all circulating freely in the city and in Louisiana with your approbation, and one bundle of silverware and spoons, which three bundles had been confided to her by Mr. Gillis. One of these bundles of newspapers was addressed to Mr. John Gillis, a French citizen and a perfect foreign neutral, residing at Woodside, La. The other bundle of newspapers and the bundle containing the silverware and spoons were addressed to Mrs. M. Gillis, residing at that time at Bayou Goula, La., 35 miles below the city of Baton Rouge, which then formed the extreme limit of your military lines.

The pass of Mrs. Ferguson, it is true, stated that this lady could carry with her her own apparel only, and the fact of her having in charge those bundles which Mr. Gillis had confided to her subjected her to reproach, as constituting on her part the offence of smuggling. The truth is, General, that Mrs. Ferguson, not knowing in her womanly simplicity the real meaning or indeed even the existence of the restriction stated on her pass, and not conceiving, moreover, that the innocent contents of those three bundles could even be considered as articles contraband of War, had not even an idea that she was thus contravening the provisions of the iron code which is here called Martial Law. Mrs. Ferguson in vain protested her good faith and her inexperience: she was nevertheless cast into prison to wait until she could be banished to Ship Island.

On the day after the arrest of Mrs. Ferguson, Mr. M. Gillis was ordered before you, and after some brief examinations, in the course of which he pleaded in vain his loyalty and good faith, he was held a prisoner at the Custom House, and three days afterwards he was banished to Ship Island without any other form of procedure.

Mr. Gillis was detained at Ship Island for 75 days, thus expiating by 82 days of actual captivity his simplicity in believing that the evidence of his good and loyal intentions might in strictness excuse the slight imprudence of which he had been guilty.

Mrs. Ferguson was set at liberty 3 or 4 days after her incarceration, and she was authorized to claim the effects of her personal property which had been seized at the moment of her arrest. Those effects, as well as the bundle of silverware and spoons destined for Mrs. M. Gillis, had been transferred from the Custom House to the house occupied by Col. Stafford on Canal Street.

Thither Mrs. Ferguson went to get back her effects, and there saw the bundle of silverware and spoons destined for Mrs. Gillis. The personal effects of Mrs. Ferguson were restored to that lady, but the bundle of silverware and spoons remained in the hands of Col. Stafford.

This bundle of silverware and spoons is my personal property, as

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will appear from the bill of sale and of lease, dated the 31st of December, 1860, and an instrument of which I produced the original and delivered a literal copy to Provost Marshal Kilburn, No. 177 Canal Street, on the occasion of an attempt made by that officer in the month of September last, to seize the house which I occupy in this city, No. 204 St. Charles Street, and to expel me from the place by main force. I will add by the way that after a ten or twelve days of faithful discussion, during which I had to undergo unjustifiable molestations, Provost Marshal Kilburn, on seeing my voucher and other proofs which I exhibited to him, deemed it prudent to give up his project of seizing my house by main force and of expelling me from my house. This being said by the way, and returning to what forms the subject of my letter, I must admit to you, General, that it was through regard only and consideration for Mrs. M. Gillis that I lent to her husband this silverware, which however, was useless to me, in order that he might place it at the disposal of his wife who wanted it. This will explain to you why and how this silverware, which is my personal property, should be in the hands of Mrs. Ferguson at this time of her arrest. After the arrest of Mrs. M. Gillis, I was waiting for a regular process in due form to be instituted against Mrs. Ferguson and Mr. M. Gillis, in order that I might myself intervene in the dispute and claim my property: for Bayou Goula being situated, as I before observed, this side of and within your lines, the sending of this bundle of silverware and spoons to Mrs. Gillis at that place no more constituted the offence of smuggling, were it looked at through a magnifying glass, than would the sending of the same bundle from my house to that of my neighbor.

That bundle circulated in the interior of the country occupied by you and subject to your jurisdiction, within the *enceinte* of even your lines, and consequently it is impossible to find in the particular case the slightest character of smuggling.

Mr. Gillis, having been released quite recently, and all ideas of regular and legal prosecution against him and against Mrs. Ferguson appearing to have been abandoned, and moreover learning today from your own official organ, the *Delta,* that you have resigned the command of the Department of the Gulf, I have the honor to write to you, General, in order to claim of your justice that you will be pleased to direct that bundle of silverware and spoons be returned to me by Col. Stafford, or by any other person who may have them in his possession at this time.

I am confident, General, that my claim will be received by you, and that justice will be rendered to it in a short time, and while the officers of your administration and Staff have not yet left the city, which will enable you to see the matter in a clear light. I venture even to believe that you will be pleased with me for thus furnishing you with an opportunity to repair an injustice, or at least to correct a serious irregularity, the responsibility for which will weigh fatally on the persons of whom your Head Quarters consist.

Deign to honor me with an answer. I have the honor to be with respect, General, your very humble and obedient servant,

A. VILLENEUVE, French Citizen.

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List of Articles contained in the bundle of silverware addressed to Mr. Gillis at Bayou Goula, Louisiana, and which is my legitimate property, whose restitution I claim: 10 large Silver spoons, 8 large Silver forks, 10 large breakf't spoons, 10 large breakf't forks. Value of the whole lot from 175 to 200 dollars in coin. A. V.

This letter was received by General Butler just at the time when he was turning over his New Orleans command to General Banks. He declined to treat with M. Villeneuve, so the plaintiff turns his attention to the new commander:

[*Translation*]

New Orleans, December 20th, 1862.

To MAJOR GENERAL BANKS, Commander in Chief of the Department of the Gulf.

General: I have the honor to transmit to you herewith a literal copy of a letter which I addressed on the 17th instant to Major General Butler, claiming the restoration of 38 pieces of silverware (silverware and spoons) which are my personal property, and which in consequence of seizure in third hands have been since the month of August last in possession of Col. Stafford of the (Native Guards). General Butler having declined to give effect to my request, I make application to you, General, soliciting from your justice the restitution to which I am entitled.

The high reputation for integrity and honor which has already preceded you in this city is to me a sure guaranty that you will deign to receive my reclamation, and give the necessary orders with a view that justice may be done to it.

My letter to General Butler, of which I transmit you a copy, contains a succinct and correct summary of the circumstances of the case, and the mere perusal thereof will certainly and entirely convince you in regard to the subject. In case, General, you should deem it proper to have an investigation made, it is desirable that such investigation should take place within a brief time, and especially before the officers of the administration of Gen. Butler put on trial shall have left New Orleans, their presence here being indispensable for the elucidation of the question.

Mrs. S. G. Ferguson, who was deprived of her buggy and horses at the same time that I was of my silverware, and to whom Col. Stafford has promised that they should be restored to her, but always in vain, proposes also in her distress to make appeal to your benevolent justice, in order to obtain the reparation which is due to her.

I have the honor to be, General, with the most profound respect, your very humble and very obedient servant,

A. VILLENEUVE, French Citizen.

General Banks failed to be deeply impressed with M. Villeneuve's appeal, and did not give to it the attention to which the aggrieved owner felt himself entitled. The next

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step was obviously to refer the matter to the Military Governor:

New Orleans, 6th of January, 1863.

His Excellency General Shepley, Military Governor of Louisana.

General: On the 9th of August, 1862, Mrs. S. G. Ferguson provided with a regular pass from the Headquarters was leaving the city to meet her husband and children in the country, when she was arrested on her way up and brought back here under the charge of smuggling.

Mrs. Ferguson was searched as well as her baggage, and the result was that among her personal effects were found two bundles of newspapers and another bundle of silverware, this last directed to Mrs. M. Gillis, of this city, living then at Bayou Goula, Louisiana, thirty-five miles below Baton Rouge, which was the extreme limit of Gen. Butler's military lines. Those three bundles had been remitted to her by M. Gillis, Esq., of this city.

After three days of imprisonment, Mrs. Ferguson was released, and allowed to claim the baggage which together with the bundle of silverware had been carried away from the Headquarters to Col. Stafford's house on Canal Street.

On leaving that place, where she had been confined, Mrs. Ferguson took with her her personal apparel only.

But her buggy and horses and also the bundle of silverware were retained by Col. Stafford, and have not so far been accounted for. That bundle of silverware belongs to the undersigned, Adolph Villeneuve, French Subject, who lent it to M. Gillis to be put by the latter at the disposal of his wife who was in want of such things.

But Mrs. Ferguson having been released with no trial at all, and M. Gillis likewise some time since, moreover, as any idea of a judicial prosecution against both of them seems to be given up, I have the honor to call to your Excellency and solicit of your justice, to order that said bundle of silverware be returned to me without any further delay by Colonel Stafford, or any other person who may be at present the holder of it. With this hope, General, I have the honor to be, of your Excellency, the most humble and obedient servant,

A. Villeneuve, French Subject,
204 St. Charles Street.

List of pieces contained in the bundle of silverware above mentioned.

10 large Silver Table Spoons. 8 large Silver Table Forks. 10 large Breakfast Table Spoons. 10 large Breakfast Table Forks.	Value of the whole lot from 175 to 200 dollars in gold.

A. V.

Governor Shepley was stirred to go through certain perfunctory motions:

State of Louisiana, New Orleans, Jan. 7th, 1863.

Col. S. H. Stafford, Commanding 1st Regt. Louisiana Native Guards.

Colonel: I am directed by Gen. Shepley, Military Governor of

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Louisiana, to forward you copy of letter of A. Villeneuve, herewith enclosed, with request that you will report to him the facts of the case.

Yours respectfully,

JAMES C. SHEPLEY, Military Secretary.

January 26th, 1863.

Endorsed: Respectfully returned with information that this subject has been investigated by the Commdg. General, and my report to him pronounced satisfactory.

S. H. STAFFORD, Col. U. S. V.

Endorsed: Col. Stafford says that this silverware was delivered to Mr. Field, the financial agent of Maj. Gen. Butler.

J. C. SHEPLEY, Military Secretary.

Convinced by this time that he had uncovered sufficient irregularity to make it possible to recover from some one the two hundred dollars at which value he placed his "stolen spoons," M. Villeneuve determines to lay his case before the French Government:

[*Translation*]

New Orleans, March 6th, 1863.

To the CONSUL OF FRANCE at New Orleans.

Mr. Consul: On the 20th of December last I had the honor to write to you, transmitting to you for the purpose of deposit a literal copy of two letters dated the 17th and 20th of the same month, addressed by me, the former to General Butler and the latter to General Banks, for the purpose of obtaining the restitution from Col. Stafford of thirty-eight pieces of silverware which were seized in the hands of third parties, and which are my personal property.

My applications to those two Generals having been ineffectual, I had recourse to General Shepley, Military Governor of Louisiana, in his benevolent justice, directing Colonel Stafford to make explanation in regard to my claim.

Paying deference to this order of his superior, Colonel Stafford alleged that he delivered the silverware to Mr. Field, the financial clerk of General Butler. This answer of the Colonel is shown in writing, the document which I have the honor to transmit to you herewith.

However this may be, and admitting that the declaration of Col. Stafford is true, it is none the less true that on the records of the Quartermaster which have been examined with care, there is no mention and no trace of this silverware: from which the natural inference is that if it was really delivered by Col. Stafford to Mr. Field, the latter must have carried it away with him when he left this city in December last in the train of General Butler. In this state of affairs, I have no longer any other resource than that of claiming the support of the French Government, under the protection of which I have already placed all my furniture, effects, documents and movable value

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generally; and, therefore, I have the honor to request you, Mr. Consul, to be pleased to draw up an official certificate of my reclamation, and to add it to those of a similar character which are prosecuted at this time against the American Government at Washington, which is civilly responsible for the acts and doings of its agents. In my preceding letter of the 20th of December last is an enumeration of the 38 pieces of silverware, with an estimate of their intrinsic value made on as moderate a basis as possible. In case this silverware cannot be restored to me in kind, I ask that its estimated value, say two hundred dollars, be paid to me, not in paper money but in hard cash, either in gold or silver. For with the frightful depreciation which all kind of paper currency is undergoing in this country, it would be impossible for me to replace this silverware by paying for it in paper currency of a like amount. Herewith you will find, 1st, the copy of my letter to General Shepley, Military Governor of Louisiana; 2nd, the original letter addressed by Gen. Shepley to Col. Stafford, on the back of which the allegations of Col. Stafford are written and signed with his own hand, and the other written and signed by Capt. Shepley, Secretary to the General and Governor.

Making, moreover, all reparations for the costs, expenses and damages to which my reclamation may give rise, in order to repeat them, and to make the most of them, whensoever there may be occasion and against whomsoever it may concern.

I have the honor to be, Mr. Consul, with the highest consideration, your very humble and obedient servant,

A. VILLENEUVE, French Citizen,

Endorsed

204 St. Charles Street.

List of letters and documents furnished by Mr. Adolph Villeneuve in support of his reclamation:

1st. Copy of his letter to General Butler, dated 17th of December, 1862.

2nd. Copy of his letter to General Banks, dated 20th of December, 1862.

3rd. Copy of his letter to General Shepley, dated 6th of January, 1863.

4th. Original letter addressed to Col. Stafford by Gen. Shepley, dated 7th of January, 1863, on the back of which is in writing the allegation of Col. Stafford, one of these allegations written and signed by the hand of the Colonel and the other written and signed by Capt. J. C. Shepley, Secretary of the General and Governor.

The French Consul at New Orleans, Count Méjan,[1] had already come into open rupture with General Butler because he had treasonably concealed Confederate gold in his Consulate under the protection of the French flag, so his successor thought he saw an opportunity to square accounts.

[1]The United States Government finally demanded the *exequatur* of Count Méjan, and he was recalled by his Government

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The Villeneuve documents, therefore, were forwarded to the French Minister in Washington, who, in turn, submitted the case to the Secretary of State:

[*Translation*]

Legation of France, in the United States,
Washington, November 18th, 1863.

HONORABLE WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

Sir: A lot of silverware belonging to Mr. A. Villeneuve, a French subject residing at New Orleans, has been seized in that city by order of the Federal Officers. All the steps which have been taken with a view of having this silverware restored to the possession of the legitimate owner have up to this time been unsuccessful, and in transmitting to your Excellency all the documents relating thereto, I take the liberty of invoking your friendly attention to this affair.

Be pleased to accept, Sir, the assurance of my high consideration.

HENRI MERCIER.

The Secretary of State turns the matter over to the Secretary of War, and the following documents show the various stages of its progress:

Department of State, Washington, D. C., Dec. 4th, 1863.

HON. E. M. STANTON, Sec. of War.

Sir: I have the honor to invite your attention to the enclosed translation of a communication of the 18th ultimo, addressed to this Department by Mr. Mercier relative to the restoration of a lot of silverware belonging to Mr. A. Villeneuve, an alleged French subject residing in New Orleans, which was seized in that city by order of Federal Officers. I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

Yr. Obdt. Servt.,
WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

War Dept., Dec. 5th, 1863.

Endorsed: Respectfully referred to Maj. Gen. Banks, Commdg. Dept. of the Gulf, for investigation and report.

By order of the Secretary of War.

ED. R. S. CANBY, Brig. Gen. & A. A. Gen.

A. G. Office, December 11th, 1863.

Endorsed: Respectfully referred to Maj. General Banks, Commanding Dept. of the Gulf, for investigating and reporting (to be returned).

By order of the Secretary of War.

A. A. NICHOLS, Asst. Adjt. Genl.

Headquarters, Department of the Gulf,
New Orleans, Dec. 22nd, 1863.

Endorsed: Respectfully referred to Brig. Gen. James Bowen, Provost Marshal General.

By command of Maj. Gen. Banks.

GNAMAN LUBER, Maj. and A. A. A. G.

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State of Louisiana, Executive Department,
New Orleans, Dec. 29th, 1863.

General: I do not know where Col. Stafford is. The Adjt. General at Dept. Headquarters would be likely to know, as he is or was Colonel of 1st La. Native Guards (Colored).

Mr. Field, " Financial Clerk " of Gen. Butler, left the Dept. about the time Gen. Butler left. I have never heard of him since, and do not know where he resides. The assets in his hands were turned over to Colonel Holabird, Chief Quartermaster. Very respectfully,

Your obdt. servt.,

G. SHEPLEY, Military Governor of La.

Office of Pro. Mar. General, Dept. of the Gulf,
208 Carondelet Street, New Orleans, 30th Dec., 1863.

COL. HOLABIRD, Chief Quartermaster.

Colonel: I respectfully enquire if there were turned over to you by Gen. Butler the following silverware:

10 Large Spoons	10 Small Spoons
8 Large Forks	10 Small Forks

The property of A. Villeneuve, a French citizen.

Respectfully,

JAMES BOWEN, Brig. Gen. & Pro. Mar. Gen.

Endorsed: It was never in my possession.

JOHN W. MCCLURE, Capt. & A. Q. M.

It is important to note here that Captain McClure states definitely that the silver was never in his possession. Later, it will be observed, the fact appears that General Butler holds his receipt for the property.

Headquarters, Pro. Marshal General, Dept. of the Gulf,
208 Carondelet Street, New Orleans, January, 25th, 1864.

BRIG. GENERAL C. P. STONE, Chief of Staff.

General: In the case of A. Villeneuve, claimant for certain silverware, alleged to have been taken by Col. Stafford, I have the honor to report, that the silverware is not in possession of the Quartermaster, that Col. Stafford was dismissed from the service of this Department but is now, I understand, in service in another military Department, but which I cannot ascertain.

Of Mr. Field, the financial agent of Maj. Gen. Butler, I can learn nothing except that he is not in this Department. I am, General, with great respect,

Yr. obdt. servt.,

JAMES BOWEN, Brig. Gen. Pro. Mar. Gen.

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Office Provost Marshal General, Dept. of the Gulf,
New Orleans, January 25th, 1864.

Endorsed: Respectfully returned to Department Headquarters, with the accompanying report.

JAMES BOWEN, Brig. Gen.
Pro. Mar. Gen., Dept. of the Gulf.

Headquarters, Department of the Gulf, New Orleans,
Jan. 25th, 1864.

Endorsed: Respectfully returned to the Adj. Gen. of the Army with report of Pro. Marshal General enclosed.

N. P. BANKS, Maj. Gen. Commdg.

A. G. O., Feb. 8th, 1864.

Endorsed: Respectfully returned to the War Department with a report in the case.

A. A. NICHOLS, Asst. Adjt. Gen.

Endorsed: Respectfully referred to Maj. Gen. Butler, Commdg. Dept. Va. and N. C., with the request that he direct Mr. Field to report to this Department on the subject of the property claimed by Mr. Villeneuve.

War Department, Washington City, February 11th, 1864.

MAJ. GEN. BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.

General: The Secretary of War instructs me to request that, if within your knowledge, you will furnish the Department with the present address of Mr. Field, your financial agent at New Orleans, during your command of the Department of the Gulf. Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,
E. R. S. CANBY, Brig. Gen. A. A. G.

The case is now put squarely up to General Butler for the first time, and he makes the following report:

Headquarters, Department of Va. and N. C., Fort Monroe,
March 12th, 1864.

HON. E. M. STANTON, Secretary of War, Washington, D. C.

Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of certain papers referred to me by your order of the twenty-third of February last past, in regard to a lot of silverware said to belong to Mr. A. Villeneuve, an alleged French subject residing in New Orleans, which was seized in that city by order of Federal Officers, and have the honor to report thereon.

There are two classes of papers in this reference. One, a complaint by Mr. Villeneuve, through the French Minister, for the detention of his property as alleged; and the other the report of the present Commanding General of the Gulf and his subordinate as to the whereabouts of that property.

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The natural order of the consideration of these subjects will be to take the last first, because, if the property cannot be found, and if, as is alleged in the report of that officer, it still remained in the hands of my financial agent, I am responsible for it; and, therefore, should be under great inducement to make a case against M. Villeneuve in order not to be called to an account for the property. But if the property is still in the hands of the present Commander of the Dept. of the Gulf, then I shall stand as a disinterested witness on behalf of the United States, and the facts and circumstances that I report will be entitled to the credit due to such witness.

I have more than a common interest in the first branch of this inquiry, because this is not the first time I have been called upon, as well in public prints as by official papers, to account for the articles of property of great value which were left by me for the benefit of the United States (with those) who were sent by the War Department of the United States to relieve me in the command of the Dept. of the Gulf. A notable instance of this sort of accusation was an attack made in the Senate of the United States by Senator Davis of Kentucky, alleging that I had retained for my own use, and embezzled for my own benefit, the silverplate of Alexander Brother, a rebel of La., who forfeited both plate and life to an injured Government, and both should have been taken away, when at the same time I held the receipt of the proper accounting officer of that Dept. under Gen. Banks for the property, which it was alleged I had taken away. And again in this case, this plate of M. Villeneuve, which John W. McClure, Capt. and Asst. Quartermaster, has endorsed upon the report was never in his possession, was in fact on or about the 21st of December, 1862, turned over to him by my Financial Agent, David C. G. Field, Esq., and McClure's receipt as Quartermaster taken therefor by order of Gen. Banks, which receipt I now have; so that if McClure has not accounted to the proper officer for that plate, it is because he has embezzled the same, and I desire and respectfully but earnestly demand that the matter may be investigated by the proper officers.

I beg leave upon this matter to enclose the sworn report of my Financial Agent, D. C. G. Field, as part of the evidence submitted. Having now ascertained where the silverplate in question is, or at least which of the officers of the United States is responsible therefor, either to the United States or to the claimant, I have the honor to report upon the second branch of the subject, whether the plate in question ought to be given up to M. Villeneuve.

When in New Orleans I had examined this question with care upon complaint made to me, and determined upon the evidence that the plate was liable to confiscation, and had then, and have now no doubt, of the propriety of the decision.

The facts are briefly these: A Mrs. Ferguson had called upon the proper officer of the Department for a pass to go through the lines of the Union Army. It was granted, upon the express condition appearing upon the face of the pass, and explained to her, that she should take with her nothing but the ordinary articles of wearing apparel for a woman.

M. Villeneuve, who, although probably born a Frenchman, has about

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the same claim to protection from the French Government that Lafitte the pirate had, resided at this time within the rebel lines, and was acting with them. Some of his property when he fled from New Orleans was left in this Mrs. Ferguson's care, for when she attempted to pass our picket this silverware was found concealed in the bottom of her buggy in which she was traveling.

She was taken before the Provost Marshal, and after a full hearing she was convicted of the attempt to smuggle it, and the property was forfeited, and ought long since to have been sold and the proceeds appropriated to the use of the United States, which certainly would have been done under a proper administration in the Department of the Gulf.

To the allegation of Mr. Villeneuve that this woman was simple, and, therefore, undertook to carry away his plate, a single observation may be made. She was a strong-minded, high-cheek-boned, and rather brazen-faced Scotch woman, who had every other attribute that might belong to a woman rather than simplicity; and the only exhibition of weakness of intellect which she showed was in entertaining the idea that she could pass the pickets with her plunder without being caught.

These facts and circumstances are very fresh in my mind, because I had very considerable trouble with the woman, for this plate was not the only property which she had.

Trusting that such investigation will be made as will require this property either to have to be paid to the United States, where it ought to go, or be given to M. Villeneuve, where it ought not to go, and that it may not be kept by McClure, who has still less right to it, I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,
B. F. BUTLER, Maj. Gen. Commdg.

Clerk Field makes the following affidavit:

Fortress Monroe, Va., March 12th, 1864.

MAJ. GEN. B. F. BUTLER, Commanding Dept. Va. and N. C.

Sir: If John W. McClure, Capt. and A. A. Q. M., who makes the endorsement on the papers, "It was never in my possession," will examine an invoice which I gave him on or about the 21st of Dec., 1862, and will let his memory serve him as to a receipt he gave to Maj. Gen. B. F. Butler, he will find that the said silverware has been in his possession. Very respectfully,

D. C. G. FIELD, late Financial Clerk, Dept. of Gulf.

Fortress Monroe, Va., March 12th, 1864.

The said D. C. G. Field personally appeared and made oath that the foregoing report by him made was true, before me.

P. H. HAGGERTY, Maj. & Act. Judge Advocate.

By this time, General Butler feels that he is entitled to be suspicious on his own account, so he writes the following letter to the postmaster at New Orleans:

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Private. Headquarters Dept. Va. and N. C.,
Fort Monroe, Va., March 13th, 1864.

MR. J. M. G. PARKER, Postmaster, New Orleans.

Dear Parker: When I was in New Orleans, Stafford took from a Mrs. Ferguson thirty-eight pieces of silverplate, forks, spoons, etc., which were by Field turned over to Mr. McClure, the Quartermaster.

Mr. McClure has reported to the War Department that he has not got them. I have his receipt for them. I believe that the same silver is doing duty on Banks' table to-day. I wish you would quietly have a careful examination made, and if that turns out to be true let me know. I suppose the plate is marked, but do not know what the mark is. Of course, you will not say anything about this to anybody, but take such measures as to make sure that it is there. I think the plate is not marked in Villeneuve's name, but in some other person's name (say Gillis). Write me as soon as you can learn anything about it. I have the honor to be,

Your obed. servant,
B. F. BUTLER, Maj. Gen. Commdg.

Realizing that his enemies would make the greatest possible capital out of the publicity given to the case, whatever the facts disclosed, General Butler asks permission from the Secretary of War to publish his report:

Headquarters, Department of Va. and N. C.,
Fort Monroe, March 12, 1864.

BRIG. GEN. E. CANBY, Asst. Adjt. General, Washington, D. C.

General: You will do me a personal favor if you will cause the report to be read, or to be brought to the notice of the Secretary of War. I have suffered so much and so often from the denials of the receipt of articles by the officers who succeeded me and mine in the Department of the Gulf, which have left me open to unjust accusations, that I have strong feelings on the subject, and at least wish to be fully justified in the minds of my immediate superiors. I also desire that you would make a personal request to him for leave to publish this report in my own vindication. Believe me,

Most truly yours,
B. F. BUTLER, Maj. Gen. Commdg.

In view of General Banks' reports, and for the "good of the service," his request was denied, even though "the explanation is entirely satisfactory."

War Department, Washington City, March 20th, 1864.

Sir: Agreeably to your wish, as expressed in your communication of the 12th instant, I submitted this morning to the Secretary of War your statement in relation to the claim of Mr. A. Villeneuve, of New Orleans, who, it is alleged, lost certain silverware in consequence of its seizure by Union Officers.

In reply, I am instructed to inform you that, while the explanation

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offered by your financial agent is entirely satisfactory, the Secretary does not deem it expedient at present to grant permission for the publication of your report. I am Sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,
E. R. S. CANBY, Brig. Gen. A. A. G.

The end of the episode is chronicled in a letter from Clerk Field to General Butler:

New Orleans, La., April 29th, 1864.

Dear General: Maj. McKee has not arrived from Red River, consequently I cannot leave here tomorrow as I had anticipated. It will take me but a very short time, however, to finish up after his arrival. I have seen McClure, who now says the Villeneuve silverware "has been in his possession," and that he sold it and accounted for it in his "abstract." He says that he made his endorsement owing to its having been marked "Gillis" instead of "Villeneuve." The Twiggs' plate, so he says, has been sold for "pure silver."

Many of your old officers here expressed a desire to be transferred to your Department.

It is stated here that Dudley, staff, and his command, ran at the first fire in the late action, Lee and Dudley have both been relieved, and are in town.

There is nothing from Red River for several days. At last accounts Banks was getting back to Alexandria. The whole thing seems to have fallen through.

You can hardly have an idea of the intense feeling for your return here, that is prevalent in New Orleans. Your reception would be such a one as must be highly gratifying to you.

All here send kindest regards to you and wish to be remembered.

Very truly yours,
D. C. G. FIELD.

. . . . . .

This is the real story, told by the documents themselves, of the struggle to recover two hundred dollars' worth of silverware, which covered a period of seventeen months, involved the martial Government of New Orleans and Louisiana, the Consul and the Minister of France, the United States Departments of State and War, and the outcome of which amounted simply to an unwarranted besmirching for a generation of the reputation of one of the foremost generals in the United States Army. "Every one *knows* that Butler stole spoons in New Orleans," for "they caught him with the goods"! my friend claimed with confidence. In view of the facts, one feels inclined to quote from Disraeli in referring to each one who has written against Butler: "He had but one idea,—and that was wrong."

WILLIAM DANA ORCUTT.

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THE MOTHER

BY ISOBEL HUME FISHER

From mother's breast to mother's breast men go:
From the warm arms of love that cling and hold
They speed with the one gift youth may bestow;
Then in her patient bosom, deep and cold,
Greatness and littleness,
Earth folds them in her ancient quietness.

We are impatient for their joy, we weep
For every sorrow their young hearts sustain,
Yet she alone can give the alms of sleep
The guerdon of all toil—surcease from pain;
And only on her breast
They sleep forgetfully and undistressed.

To this old mother all her sons come home:
Of all their loves she has the last embrace.
From age to age, for hearts that bide or roam,
She is the shelter and the resting place;
Our sons who fall today
Are cradled where their wild forefathers lay.

She grudges none possession or delight,
She wears her beauty as of old she did,
And woos men's hearts with each spring's gold and white;
Yet in her bosom all her babes lie hid;
There, weary of the sun,
We go to find our children, one by one.

Now, in the crash and horror of our days
She wraps herself in immemorial peace,
And waits the certain end of all man's ways:
He will lie down at length and all wars cease,
When in a fold of green
Lies all the glory that the world has seen.

Isobel Hume Fisher.

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A POET'S WISDOM

BY GERTRUDE SLAUGHTER

"'We are sons of yesterday, not of the morning. The past is our mortal mother, no dead thing. And if you have not the habit of taking counsel with her you are but an instrument in her hands.'"

"I thought we had given up that way of looking at things since the war began," said the other. "I don't know what you are quoting, but three years ago when I was in college we were taking counsel of the past with all our might. And what good came of it? Everything went to smash just the same. It seems to me that Wells is right; that we don't think of the world as derived from the past any more but as 'gathering itself adventurously for the future.' I remember the words because they seem to hit the nail on the head."

"Is there no such thing as progress, then?"

Arthur Templeton, journalist, historian, and man of affairs, unfolded his arms and turned to look down at the younger man beside him. They stood amid-ships on an ocean steamer looking across a shimmering sea. Gordon Flint, the young American who was following this tall, slow-spoken Englishman across the ocean to join his hospital unit in the mountains of Gorizia, was a youth of quick movements and energetic mind, full of animal spirits, genuine and open as a book. He had used his brains more than most boys of his age.

"I can't see that progress means much," he went on, "when the very things we counted on have turned against us. Everything we hoped for went down in the smash. There is nothing left—nothing!"

The sea, for five days out from New York, had been calm and unruffled. "There wasn't a thing to do," Gordon had said, "but think about life and watch for a periscope."

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The smoothness of the long rollers was wracking the nerves of the passengers, who would have welcomed a storm, a fog, an iceberg—anything to relieve the slow menace of that calm. But these two had forgotten under-sea treacheries in their talks together. The limitations of shipboard which had made Gordon sigh in mid-ocean for a mountain to climb had set his mind unusually free. And for Templeton, who understood the boy's mood, the zest of leadership in the game of mental give and take was tempered by the knowledge that since middle-age was pitted against youth their positions might at any moment be reversed.

When Gordon had demolished the order of the universe, Templeton replied: "My dear Gordon, I think you are mistaken. An amazing number of people are making the same mistake today, and I believe it is a dangerous mistake. One hears on all sides that the hopes of our generation must go—have gone, in fact. Then one of two things follows: either we break altogether with the past and rush blindly —adventurously, if you will—toward the future, or we return to the ideas our generation had rejected. We give up our patient search, with our plans for improving life by slow degrees. We curse the world in true mediæval fashion and look for happiness in heaven. We think of the war as a wild leap backward and so we fancy we must take another leap—not forward, for the word has no meaning in such a view of things."

"It seems to *me* we have been hurled over a precipice and that we can't think about what to do next till we see where we land."

"But none of us in England want to go back to the time before the war"——

"I guess you don't!" exclaimed Gordon. "There was too much of the Victorian era left in England. I suppose the war has cleared that away. Did you read this bully thing?" Gordon pulled a *New Republic* out of his pocket and the two men walked over to their steamer chairs. "Hear what this man calls the Victorians: 'Galahads with mufflers and cough-drops,' 'figures in the fog with an umbrella.' And he says about us: 'No longer pensioners of Providence, made to be coddled, petted and amused, but charged with the same creative energy that set the planets whirling, the young men of 1917 are condemned to earn their peace of mind by unceasing struggle.'"

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"'Charged with the same creative energy that set the planets whirling.'" Templeton repeated the words and added:

> The fire is in them whereof we are born,
> The music of their motion may be ours.

"That's great!" Gordon folded up his paper. "Who said it?"

"The poet who called us the sons of the past." Templeton in his turn went into his pocket and pulled out a red leather book. "A poet who lived through the Victorian era and believed in progress; yet I think that more than any other English poet he is the one for us today. He speaks to the present hour. And God knows we need to listen to our poets! And by the way, Gordon—waiving our opinions about the Victorians—do you think we were really taking counsel of the past with all our might, as you say, before the war? Do you fancy that the English Government or the people behind them were taking counsel of the past? Do you know how often this poet warned them that what had happened of old would happen again, that strength would conquer weakness, that the 'vulture wings of Germany' would swoop down on her at the slightest excuse and that if England were not ready—if we were impious to the Lord of Hosts, we should be compelled to fling our sons like dice? It sounds like a prophecy of the Dardanelles. He told us over and over again that we were sunk in 'ventral dreams of peace', and trusting overmuch to our God Neptune, our sea power of which another poet sang us more flattering songs."

A smile flitted over Gordon's face. "Where did I hear," he pondered, "that self-effacement was England's chief fault, and that for the last thirty years Kipling was the only man of prominence who had stood up for her greatness?"

"Self-effacement!" Templeton smiled sadly. "Kipling's poetry is the typical expression of our fatal overconfidence. He became the popular idol while the poet who gave warning was never heeded, although he was the acknowledged leader of English letters and the 'oracle of Box Hill.' He had followers, like John Morley."

"I can see that England ought to have listened to his

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warnings. But why should we now, in the war, listen to any poet? They always preach peace, don't they?"

"This poet"—Templeton held the book unopened in his hand—"believes in peace as firmly as any Quaker, like myself,—in one kind of peace, that is; not selfish, stagnant peace, but peace that means liberty. He said that the one hope of his age was that people refused a happiness that could not be made a common music for the multitude. That is not mid-Victorian peace, you see, but the kind you and I believe in. He stood for peace but he stood also for the warrior heart. A world in arms seemed better to him than an idle, self-indulgent world. He saw that there must always be contention to 'drive deep furrows for good seed,' but he looked forward to the day when contention should be transferred to spiritual ground. Before that day, he conceived, men would be dragged backward, shamed by their failures, thrown again into brutishness many times; and yet, foreseeing that, foreseeing even this very war, though not in half its horror, he kept his faith in progress; his 'rapture of the forward view.'"

"Meredith!" Gordon exclaimed, reaching out his hand for the book. "Father was saying the other day that people talk less about his novels than they used to and more about his poems. Do you think so? We read some of the poems in *English 7* and I have glanced through them. But, Mr. Templeton, you don't really think we ought to read all that queer stuff, do you? Not for pleasure, surely?"

Templeton laughed. "I know jolly well that his poems won't bear glancing through. I've worked on them and I know. They hardly bear talking about, either, because one can't generalize about them. They have *all* the qualities, good and bad; and of course any poet with fire in him is bound to leave some ashes behind."

"Eccentric sparks, too, I suppose," quickly added Gordon. "I remember that our professor called Meredith the greatest nature poet in English literature but I didn't believe him. Besides, what is poetry of nature good for now? Who cares anything for 'enchanted woods' at such a time as this?"

Templeton opened the book and read:

> I say but that this love of Earth reveals
> A soul beside our own to quicken, quell,
> Irradiate, and through ruinous floods uplift,

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Turning the pages, he opened to the lines on Shakespere:

> The greatest knew thee, Mother Earth, unsoured
> He knew thy sons. He probed from hell to hell
> Of human passions, but of love deflowered
> His wisdom was not, for he knew thee well.

Gordon listened, shaking his head thoughtfully. Templeton read again:

> And have we wept,
> And have we quailed with fears,
> Or shrunk with horrors—sure reward
> We have whom knowledge crowns;
> Who see in mould the rose unfold,
> The soul through blood and tears.

"Those are fine words," Gordon admitted. "But honestly they seem to me to belong to a past age. They are just words now. Greater words than those have lost their meaning to me. Last Sunday in church Mother looked at me when they read: 'He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.' I think Mother was trying to take comfort in that when she looked at me. No, there's nothing to cling to. It's just grit your teeth and fight on and don't hope for anything in this messy world. My! but I wish I could fight in the ranks. There's plenty of chance that I'll be killed where I'm going, anyway. Do you really think a poet can help? And wouldn't it be Isaiah? Or the Greeks?"

"By all means," responded Templeton. "I was thinking of a more immediate, not a greater need,—of something to clear the mind in this blinding storm. That is a service which no poet of other times than our own can perform, nor one who speaks out of the present turmoil. It must be one who belongs to that recent past of which you are so skeptical, one who re-interprets life according to modern thought. He must be the product and the prophet of our times. He must not say, 'Your knowledge is vain, your science foolishness; come with me and I will show you a better way.' He must accept in all humility the partial truths we have discovered while he looks through and beyond them with his deeper vision. Now the central fact of our lives, it's quite clear to all of us, is that Germany has been building on a false idea and that the only hope of the world

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is to build on right ideas. Both foundations, however, the true and the false, existed before the war. There has been no cataclysm of ideas." Gordon looked incredulous but Templeton went on: "Now this is the important point. Out of the same ideas which Treitschke and his kind contorted into the philosophy of the Arch Fiend, making the Will to Power a law of selfish brutality, the poet Meredith created a doctrine of sacrifice, a faith in the power of the spirit, a religion of liberty, equality, and fraternity.

"His words meet the crisis. That is why I say he speaks to the present hour. To listen to him is to hold by the knowledge we have won, to accept what science has proved knowing it to be little, to believe in human nature with a new intensity. It is to strip our souls naked and test them by something the very opposite of material efficiency, for the right of the fittest to survive, he says, is 'solved in spirit.'

"Our intellects are awake today. Almost everywhere it is so. You were telling me how freely your friends discuss things they never mentioned before. And we need poetry that does something more than repeat the rôles of music and painting. Meredith's poetry has the rare power of transmitting a mood. It creates the courage while it supplies the hope we need."

"More than Browning's?" asked Gordon. "And doesn't Swinburne believe just as much in liberty?"

"Browning's individualism will not satisfy us just now. And Swinburne's idea of liberty is quite different from Meredith's and ours. It is nearer to Wordsworth's. Swinburne demands this and that for the fullness of life, while Meredith lays the stress on growth, the growth of reason and love, by suffering and sacrifice and struggle. He glorifies the giving of oneself. Could Swinburne have said that mankind needs a scourge and hence acclaims the crucifix of Nazareth?"

"Well, Meredith's poetry doesn't go in much for beauty. That's in its favor," commented Gordon. "Beautiful things seem out of place in 1917. Heavens! I wish a gale would strike that sea."

"I know of no such rich cadences and strange, haunting melodies anywhere!" Templeton declared. "I agree with you that we care for the sterner aspects now, but certainly we shall not accept any poetry unless its power of beauty sustains its import. Let us see." As he read from *Phœbus*

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with Admetus and *The Day of the Daughter of Hades* and the *Hymn to Colour,* Gordon watched his face, and it seemed to him that the smile lighting his strong features was like the flowers that grow on the edge of a mountain glacier.

"They tell us," he talked on musingly—Gordon liked him best when he was speaking to his own thoughts—"of how men creep out of the trenches at dawn and cross the fields under shell fire to hear the birds sing in the woods. I have seen things of the sort myself. And that little girl I read about in the paper the other day, a mere baby she was! The house was blown to pieces and nobody else escaped, and as she ran away from the heap of ruins crying for her mother she stopped to pick all the flowers in the garden. She filled her little arms with tulips and hyacinths and ran down the village street clutching them tight."

"Poor little object!" muttered Gordon.

"She did exactly what we all do. There at the front, where 'there is no God,' many a soldier has found Him in the benediction of nature—like the young painter in Champagne who 'plucked flowers in the mud.' One of the boys in the American ambulance writes that, when everything else has failed, 'beautiful Nature' consoles and satisfies him. . . . No, the horrors of war cannot kill our love of beauty. As it has been since the world began, suffering will bridge the gulf between truth and beauty. For at the end of the rough trail they are surely one."

Looking off into space, he went on thinking aloud. "Yes, the things we counted on have turned against us. The powers of Light have been put in the service of the powers of Darkness. We have to fight an unimagined monster. But we shall chain him by our strength and the mind of man will learn to tame him in good time.

> More gardens will they win than any lost
> The vile plucked out of them, the unlovely slain.
> Not forfeiting the beast with which they are crossed
> To stature of the gods will they attain.
> They shall uplift their Earth to meet her Lord,
> Themselves the attuning chord.

"I suppose that means that we must make a heaven of this earth," interrupted Gordon. "But how? It doesn't look much like it just now, does it?"

"By being gladly either 'sword or block,' the poet says, to serve mankind. Has anyone ever shown a better way?"

"Nobody has ever shown a way that works. That old

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slow way doesn't work, surely—everybody thinking his own scheme right, everybody crossing everybody else. It won't do. I suppose the Leninites think they are saving the world. How can we know what will make the world better and what will only make it worse?"

"Ah! Gordon, there you hit the weak spot in every humanitarian philosophy. But Meredith went beyond that. He went beyond his own earlier conception. If he hadn't, if the philosophy of *Earth and Man,* for instance, were all, I should not be offering you his wisdom. By his own experience, in his darkest hour, he learned something about spiritual values which he may have dimly divined but never realized before. He touched the larger truth which I believe the nations of the world will learn by the suffering of this war—if not, then on again to the day when they shall learn it in some other war!—the truth that the life of the spirit is eternal, that nothing is lost, that the soul is born of blood and tears when the demon Self is overthrown.

> Our lives are but a little holding lent
> To do a mighty labour. We are one
> With heaven and the stars if it is spent
> To do God's aim, else die we with the sun.

"Does he throw any light on the real difficulty?" questioned Gordon, "on what God's aim is?"

"I think he does, both for individuals and nations. See what you think. Templeton read in his deep voice *The Test of Manhood* and the *Ode to France, 1870,* after which they fell to discussing the poet's ideas of internationalism, the application of his theories to national life, and his insight into the character of France. Gordon wondered why everyone was not reading the great Ode. "Why, it's the last word!" he exclaimed. "Everybody *must* read it."

To make clear what he had said of Meredith, Templeton read *A Faith on Trial* with frequent comments. As the afternoon wore away they read on and on, entering more and more into the poet's enthusiasm for the spirit of life and falling under his "mastery of hearts." "Will you go back," asked Gordon in a pause, "to that definition of the human spirit?"

"'Tis reason herself," quoted Templeton.

> 'Tis reason herself, tip-toe
> At the ultimate bound of her wit,
> On the verges of night and day.

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"When our men go into battle, then," mused Gordon, "they go beyond the bound of reason perhaps, and if they have no high motive it is madness, and if they go for the sake of others, for liberty and justice, then it is divine. You have given me a new vision, Mr. Templeton. You know, ever so many of the fellows say they can't see any principle at stake in this war. They are just going because somebody has to go and they don't want to be slackers. And I have felt all along that when I saw the wounded men come into our hospital I should think they had wasted themselves. I thought the dead and maimed were wasted because the German war-lord was a criminal; and the innocence of the German war-lord wouldn't fit into my scheme. Woe unto him by whom the offence cometh. But the victims—I shall think of them now as on the verges of night and day."

"Then you see," said Templeton, "that this war may mean progress and that it depends upon us whether we are dashed over a precipice, or hold tight, and press forward?"

"Yes, I do," Gordon answered warmly. "And I see what you mean by taking counsel of the past. The Germans built wrong and we were building wrong in a less degree. And the future depends upon what we do with this war. We haven't got to lie awake nights wishing it had never happened. While the soldier gives his life we have all got to think hard about what to make out of the sacrifice. It's a big responsibility."

The sun dropped below the sky-line as Gordon added: "I'll confess to you that I've worried a good deal about immortality. One of my friends said he couldn't enlist unless he believed in immortality. But I can see that it would be a finer thing, if we could bring ourselves to it, not to perplex ourselves over our chance of individual permanence, as Meredith says, but just to know that the spirit is eternal and that all of me that is worth while, and all of the other fellow, too, is a part of that spirit. It does straighten you up, doesn't it?"

"And if a submarine hits us," said Templeton, "morning will come just the same. Morning will come."

GERTRUDE SLAUGHTER.

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DO WE SPEAK ENGLISH?

BY C. JEFFERSON WEBER

A BRITISH traveler, after making a careful and observant tour in the United States, remarked that Great Britain and America had practically everything in common *except* their language.

Every one who enters the United States of America is required to furnish certain information to the Immigration Authorities. One of the questions asked is: From what race are you descended? and a list of races is supplied for consultation. No such thing as an " American " race is found in this list. There are a great many Americans whose ancestors for five generations or more have been native Americans, yet they are not allowed to say, in answer to this question, that they are descended from " the American race."

The same thing is true of the language spoken in America. Perhaps ten generations have been speaking a language which is yearly becoming more and more unlike English, and yet Americans cannot say they speak the American language, but have to make vain pretensions to speaking English! The result is that all their peculiarities of speech, instead of being regarded by foreigners as picturesque idioms of the language, are discouraged in England and elsewhere by the application to them of the name of " Americanisms," or are recognized to provide amusement for those who speak the King's uncontaminated English! Very few persons in the United States know that they are making constant use of these Americanisms; it takes a trip to the mother country to open their eyes to the fact that they do not speak " English."

Americanisms are far more numerous than most uninformed persons might imagine, and weighty volumes of

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them have already been collected. They are of various sorts and may be arranged in the following classes of words:

1. Archaisms, *i. e.,* old English words, obsolete, or nearly so, in England, but retained in use in the United States.
2. English words used in a different sense than in England. These include many names of natural objects differently applied, to which no further reference will be made.
3. Words which have retained their original meaning in the United States, although not in England.
4. English provincialisms adopted into general use in America.
5. Newly coined words, which owe their origin to the productions or to the circumstances of the new country.
6. Words borrowed in America from European languages, especially the French, Spanish, Dutch, and German.
7. Indian words.
8. Negroisms.
9. Peculiarities of pronunciation.

Let us consider these classes of Americanisms in order.

First, there are those words still in more or less common use in the United States, but obsolete in England. One may still hear the Elizabethan participle "gotten" in use almost anywhere in the United States, and "beau," in the sense of lover or sweetheart, is still known in America, though it seems to have entirely disappeared in England. In Shakespeare we find "bob-tail" and "bob-wig," but the word "bob," meaning to cut short, is unknown today in Shakespeare's country; yet in America people still "bob" the hair. "To peek" is today a quite common variation in America of "to peep," and "peke" is found in Skelton's *Colin Cloute* and in Gascoigne. The verb "to progress" is used by Shakespeare,—

> Let me wipe off this honorable dew
> That silvery doth progress on thy cheeks.

Ford used the same word in *The Broken Heart.* In the eighteenth century the word became obsolete in England, but was retained in America. By the time the word was revived in England, the accent had shifted in America: the *Penny Cyclopaedia* remarks that "the old verb *prógress,* which Americans use very often and pronounce *progréss,* is now beginning to be again adopted in its native country, though we think we could do very well without it."

One of the most interesting words now regarded as an Americanism but originating in England and becoming

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obsolete there is the word "sophomore." Throughout the United States the second-year class at college is called the Sophomore class. This word "sophomore" (putting aside the question of its meaning and derivation) has generally been considered an American barbarism, but according to Professor Goodrich, in *Webster's Dictionary,* it

> was probably introduced into our country at a very early period from the University of Cambridge, England. Among the cant terms at that University, we find Soph-Mor as the next distinctive appellation to Freshman. The term thus applied seems to have passed at a very early period from Cambridge in England to Cambridge in America, and thus to have been attached to the second of the four classes in our American colleges, while it has now almost ceased to be known, even as a cant word, at the parent institution in England from whence it came.

The explanation of the origin of this class of Americanisms is doubtless the same as that of the rise of any dialect—namely, separation. The Atlantic Ocean is such an effectual barrier to free intercourse between the two English-speaking nations that forces which cause the obsolescence of a word in one country are not active in the other. So also forces which tend to suppress undesirable words or expressions on one side of the ocean do not reach the other side.

This use in American speech of words which are obsolete in England naturally leads to the use of such words in print. The result is that, to English eyes, American writers often express themselves in an artificial, antiquated, and sometimes unintelligible language. One of the reasons why words are less likely to become obsolete in America is that Americans are much given to consulting so-called "authorities." Being cut off from standard speech in Great Britain and having no universally recognized standard in America, people consult the dictionary instead. Now the dictionary is always a conservative factor, and follows, rather than leads, usage; the result is that Americans, in spite of their skill in inventing words and in twisting a word into a new meaning, are much more conservative, philologically speaking, than are their English cousins.

The second class of Americanisms includes those English words which are used in America in a different sense than in England. Maize, or Indian corn, throughout the United States is called simply "corn"; in England the term

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"corn" is applied generically to wheat, barley, and other small grains. For this the Americans use the term "grain." "Biscuit" is another word which is differently used in the two countries: in England a biscuit is a kind of unraised bread, formed into flat cakes and baked hard; this is called a "cracker" in the United States,—a word which may have come from Yorkshire. "Biscuit" in the American sense means a small cake of bread, raised and shortened, or made light and fluffy with soda or baking powder. A "billion" in America means a thousand millions; in England, a million millions. "Fixed," to an American, usually means "repaired"; to an Englishman, "fastened" or "attached."

The list of this class of Americanisms would be a long one. There are a great number of common words, such as "punt," "smart," "clever," "cunning," "track," "geyser," "stud," "shop," "chemist," "ice," "public school," etc., which have different meanings on the two sides of the ocean. Some of these are the result of gradual development; the slow accretion of secondary meanings finally produces a word of quite different sense from that with which it began. The natural tendency of settlers in a strange country to apply already familiar names and terms to new objects in nature, to new phenomena, etc., leads to a confusion in the meaning of such names; the outcome of this practice is that the same word is used in America and Great Britain for different things—different trees, plants, animals, fruits, etc. In like manner the names of many domestic articles have become confused. Whenever a new object needed a name, the American of the early days usually tried to find a genuine English word to serve the purpose.

The third class of Americanisms is composed of words which have retained their original meaning in the United States, although not in England. In other terms, these words have not become obsolete in England, but have changed their meaning. In America, the original meaning remains, largely preserved by the conservatism already mentioned as characteristic of the United States, at least in regard to linguistic matters. The dictionary is always a factor opposed to word-changes, and the Americans have shown their fondness for the lexicographic art in many ways.

One of the most prominent and familiar words in this class of Americanisms is the word "guess." "Guess," meaning to suppose, to imagine, to believe, as used by

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Chaucer, and by Shakespeare (*e. g.*, in the first scene of *Coriolanus*), is one of the most common words in America today. "I guess so" would be translated into English, "I suppose so"; "I guess I'll stay at home today" means no more than, "I think I'll remain at home today." Instead of the modern English words "jug" and "basin," the American says "pitcher" and "bowl." These last two words are of long standing in the language, but have changed their meaning in Great Britain, and are now applied to different objects. In Boswell's *Life of Johnson* I have noticed the word "shoestrings." Since Boswell's day, this word has not changed in the United States, and Americans still ask for shoestrings when the Englishman requires bootlaces. The word "gentleman" evidently meant nothing more originally than a gentle man, and the word is retained in America in practically this same sense; although there is a limited but growing use of the word in the English meaning, which denotes a member of a certain social class, rather than a certain type of individual. The word "sick" was originally used as in Shakespeare or in the Prayer Book, in reference to all disease or lack of health, and the word is still so used in America. In England, however, "sick" has been restricted to the single disorder of seasickness, "ill" being used in its place, except in the compound "sick-list." An Englishman who is well acquainted with the history of his native tongue may often be surprised to hear spoken in America good eighteenth-century or even pure Elizabethan English.

The fourth division of Americanisms consists of English provincialisms which have been adopted into more or less general use in the United States. It is interesting, for example, to find in the *English Dialect Dictionary* that the strange expression "spitten image" is (or was) known in Cumberland and Westmoreland, used as in the sentence, "He's t' spitten image ov his fadder." Now this expression is not uncommon in the United States, especially in the South, where some explain it as a corruption of "spirit and image." It would be interesting to be able to prove that some emigrants from Cumberland and Westmoreland settled in the southern part of the United States and brought this curious expression with them. Not long ago, it appeared in print in one of the New York magazines.

The verb "to crock," meaning in Norfolk and Suffolk

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to black with soot, is sufficiently well known in the United States to find a place in the dictionary. In Hallamshire, "to mush" means to crush or pound very small, from which may be derived the American word "mush," a favorite dish of corn-meal boiled with water, and eaten with milk or molasses. "Spunky," which Forby mentions as provincial in Norfolk, meaning spirited, vivacious, and the corresponding noun "spunk," which Brockett says is a colloquial word, considered in England extremely vulgar, are both well known and often used in the United States. "Wilt," meaning to droop or wither, is a very common word in America, and provincial in Great Britain.

There are doubtless a very great number of these provincialisms which have fallen upon good ground in America and flourished, but among the many modern Americanisms, it is somewhat hard to point out all the original dialectal sources. This is a task not yet completed, but it will no doubt be found true in the end that many American words and phrases which strike the English ear as peculiar will be found to have originated in some dialect in Great Britain.

Fifthly, there are those words which have been coined in the United States,—entirely new words, derived from nowhere else,—pure American inventions. There are quite a large number of these "barbarisms." A "scallawag" is a scamp. "Kerchunk" is a word often used to describe the fall of a heavy body. American inventions have led to the introduction of a great many words peculiar to the United States. Take, for example, terms connected with steam transportation. The Englishman says "railway," the American "railroad." The one speaks of the "goods van" or the "luggage compartment"; the other, of "freight cars" and "baggage cars." So for "carriage," "line," "shunt," "guard," "driver," "corridor," etc., there are used in America "car," "track," "switch," "conductor," "engineer," and "aisle." "Checkers" is the name, probably invented in America, for the game of draughts. In like manner, "Fall" is the American word for Autumn. "Poker" is an American addition to the number of card-games. "Pop-corn" is the name invented for the kind of Indian corn which "pops" or bursts open, when roasted. "Punk" was the name first applied to rotten wood; then it came to be used as an adjective for anything rotten, or poor in quality, or unpleasing: today in unelegant colloquial talk in

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America, one will hear of a *punk* tennis-ball, a *punk* theatrical performance, or a *punk* musician. "Rag-time" is the curious name invented to describe that variety of music of which the United States is the chief source, in which syncopated rhythm is the characteristic feature.

Some of these Americanisms have been welcomed into England, so that their origin tends to be forgotten. For instance, the word "lengthy" met with great opposition a century ago, but it made headway in America; from it, President Jefferson is credited with having formed the word "lengthily" at which no offense is taken in England today. The word "loafer" was originally an American slang invention to describe a habitual lounger, but (as was prophesied almost a century ago) "it is a good word, one much needed in the language, and will, in time, establish itself in the most refined dictionaries." Some American word-inventions become so thoroughly at home in England that it is often hard to establish their origin. No one in Great Britain today feels the word "telegram" to be an Americanism; yet it was first suggested in April, 1852, by an American living in Rochester, N. Y., and its use in America subsequently attracted English attention. Previous to that time, people had spoken of telegraphic despatches, telegraphic communications, and the like; the innovation was an evident improvement. In England, no use of the word had been claimed prior to 1853, so that the American may justly receive credit for having coined this useful word.

In this connection may be mentioned an American habit closely allied to that of coining words, namely that of coining new *meanings* for words already known. Take, for example, the current slang use of that much-used word "some." What a wealth of meaning and insinuation the American has invented for the word! "Some" as an adverb may be heard in many places. For instance, in the Teign Valley district of Devon, the natives may say, "It did rain zum yesterday." But the American would use the word as an adjective and say, "That was *some* rain yesterday." This use is hard to define. In the middle of the last century, "some," meaning considerable, or notable, was called "a modern slang word." Today "some" is almost limitless in its capacity for application. It implies approval, enthusiasm, sarcasm, wonder, admiration, disgust—or amusement. The seeds may have been sown in Cornwall, in Devon,

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or in Lancashire, but I seriously doubt if a native of any of these counties would ever say enthusiastically, "We had *some* fun last night," or sarcastically, "This is *some* book"! Another word to which Americans have given a new meaning is the verb "raise." In England, men raise crops; in America, they also raise children.

The sixth class of Americanisms is formed of words which have been borrowed in America from European languages. From the French come "calaboose" (the jail, or, *à l'anglaise,* the gaol), "department" and "departmental" (referring to divisions of the government, corresponding to the English use of the word "office"), "grade" (instead of the English words "rank," "gradient," or "form," as in "the sixth form at school"), "prairie," and "barbecue," supposed to be a corruption of *barbe-à-queue,* an expression after the pattern of *cap-à-pieds. Barbe-à-queue* means from snout to tail, and barbecue is the term used today in the Southern States for dressing a hog whole. The animal is split "from snout to tail," and roasted over a charcoal fire.

From the Spanish the Americans have taken the words "corral," "fandango" (a dance), "mustang," "pickaninny" (a negro child, or colloquially, a "nigger-baby," a corruption of the Spanish *pequeño niño,* a little child), "picayune" (small, a trifle, as in the sentence, "I don't care a picayune about the matter").

To the Dutch settlers in America are due the American words "cookey" (a little cake, from the Dutch *koekje*), "stoop" (door-steps, or small porch), and "spook" (a ghost). These words are the survivals of a great number once in use in New York, when it was called New Amsterdam. Most of the Dutch words have died out, but "cookey," "spook," and others have spread all over the country. The English in South Africa have also learned the word "spook" from the Dutch, and the word is known in Yorkshire, perhaps from the Flemish weavers who at one time immigrated there. "Spook" is also known in Low German, and the old German colony in Pennsylvania aided in spreading the use of the word. The tragedy of *Hamlet* was once translated into Pennsylvania German, and the speech, "I am thy father's ghost" was rendered, "*Ich bin dein daddy sein spook*"!

This seems to be a suitable place to make a few observations on the future of the language. The question has often

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been asked by people on both sides of the Atlantic whether the time will ever come when the language of the two nations will have drifted so far apart that they will be able no longer easily to understand one another. It is hardly probable that the literary language of the two countries will ever be greatly dissimilar, and we can feel pretty confident that books written and printed on one side of the ocean will always (except, perhaps, for a word here and there) be intelligible on the other side. With the spoken language it is different. The vast watery barrier so effectually prevents free intercourse of speech that the day may easily come when an American may find himself unable to make himself understood in England, and the same with an Englishman in America. This possibility is due, not only to the ever-changing pronunciation of vowel-sounds and consonants, to the shifting of accent, and to the slow but effective changes of articulation and emphasis, but also to those forces which we have just been discussing, namely, the introduction of new words into the language from other sources. The same conditions do not exist in the two countries; a new word is needed in the one when it is not needed in the other; in one country there is present a foreign element ready to supply the needed word, in the other there is no such element. Already Englishmen find themselves totally ignorant of hundreds of words which are in daily use in the United States. The same is true in South Africa and Australia. Gradually a colloquial vocabulary is being built up in each place peculiar to that locality and the conditions thereof; without abundant communication—an impossibility when oceans lie between—these vocabularies must in time become more or less unintelligible outside the regions where they are spoken. We must, then, be prepared to expect the day, no doubt far distant as yet, but none the less probably coming, when the Englishman and the American can no longer freely converse, each speaking his native tongue. This does not mean that conversation between the two will be impossible, but it may become so difficult that one or the other of them will have to learn the other's language. The two tongues will remain so much alike in grammar, syntax, and everything apart from pronunciation, accent, and vocabulary, that it will not be difficult for a native of one side of the Atlantic to learn to speak intelligently the language of a native of the other side; but nevertheless, when the speech of the two nations

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has drifted far enough apart, some actual effort will be required to carry on a conversation.

The seventh class of Americanisms includes those words which have come into the language from the original inhabitants of the country. Some of these Indian words have been domesticated in England, *e. g.*, "hammock," "hurricane," "pemmican," and "tobacco." From the Mexican Indians come the words "chili" (as in "chili-sauce"), and "tomato." Others, however, are still known only in America—such as "pow-wow." To these words must be added those which are connected with Indian life, and which are not used except in reference to the Indians and their affairs: tomahawk, wigwam, papoose, squaw, wampum, and the like.

For the eighth division of Americanisms the negro is responsible. A small number of words are supposed to have been introduced into English by the slaves brought from Africa. "Banjo," the name of a favorite musical instrument with the negroes, is probably of negro origin. Another word, much used in the Southern States where the great mass of American negroes still live, is "to tote," meaning to carry. Southerners speak of "toting" wood, "toting" a child, "toting" water, etc. The word is probably of African origin.

The negroes are not as active in the introduction of new words as they are in the metamorphosis of old ones. In their mouths, many common English words take on new sounds, until they are almost unrecognizable. Final and medial consonants are dropped, prefixes are suppressed, vowels are changed, one consonant is substituted for another; and the final result is a very picturesque dialect of the American variety of English.

The ninth and last class of Americanisms which I shall have occasion to mention consists of peculiarities of pronunciation. A word of caution is here necessary. The American and the Englishman have both noticed peculiarities in the word-sounds of the other. There are differences of stress accent, there are differences of intonation, and there are numerous other differences which the careful observer will discover. But these are often local peculiarities. A man of Stratford-on-Avon does not speak like a man of Exeter; a Bostonian speaks differently from a man of New Orleans. To be deserving of the name of an Americanism, a peculiarity of pronunciation should be sufficiently national

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to make its use accurately mark the nationality of the speaker. There are not a few such peculiarities in American speech. I shall mention only three of them. Americans often give the vowel *a* the short sound where the English pronounce it broadly. The pronunciation of the words "France," "banana," "half," "rather," "past," "cast," "dance," "blast," "ask," and the like, will usually serve in speech to distinguish the American. Another Americanism is found in the *-oo* pronunciation of the words "new," "duke," "Tuesday," "neutral," "due," "true," "blew," etc. The Englishman pronounces them with the sound as in the word "few." A third Americanism is found in the pronunciation of words like "military." The Briton says milit'ry; the American sounds all the syllables. This peculiarity of pronunciation is found in many words, *e. g.,* stationery, literary, millinery, sanctuary, secretary, and laboratory.

This paper does not pretend to be exhaustive. Many other points of difference might be cited—differences of spelling, variations of proverbs, changes in idioms, differences of grammar, punctuation, and construction; but we have confined ourselves largely to the question of vocabulary alone. Here the differences are not large, when the great mass of the English vocabulary is considered; but the changes are increasing from year to year, and in time will probably demand more recognition. At some future date, the American school-boy may have as great difficulty in reading Kipling and Bernard Shaw as the college student today experiences in reading *Beowulf*.

C. Jefferson Weber.

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FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS' SAKE

BY ANNE C. E. ALLINSON

"BETRAYED by false friends, reviled by enemies, the lot of the sincere pacifist is hard"—so such an one writes to me. "Every cause has its Gethsemane and this is ours. Does my suffering bring no conviction to you?" Thus am I asked again to accept a faith because its adherents are willing to be martyrs. The argument is a very old one and of continued efficacy. In great and little concerns alike the supporters of a cause welcome and its opponents regret the appearance of a victim. But today I find that the argument begets questions in my mind: What is the relation of the martyr to his faith? Is it his suffering or his belief which ensures ethical validity? Let us marshal our thoughts on this subject of martyrdom.

The appeal of the martyr is almost irresistible to those of us who count most fortunate in history the men and women who have been allowed to die for their faiths. Devotion to principle may, indeed, bring a fuller measure of life and honor; the exaltation of many to power and fame has been caused by their fidelity to ideas which transcend the world's emoluments. And yet about the final proof of fidelity, the laying down of life, there is a glory withheld from any other form of human service. Socrates without the hemlock, Joan of Arc without the flames—ah, how different might be our reading of their stories!

There seems to be in the race a strange instinct for martyrdom. The cynic sometimes seems not unjustified in attributing it to a desire for notoriety. But the desire for sacrifice is more primitive. When the philosopher Peregrinus had himself burned alive at one of the Olympic festivals, so that the crowds, collected from all over Greece, might fix their attention on him, he was sophisticated in comparison

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with the rude votary of a savage religion offering his life as a sacrifice to the tribal God. We have come to associate the word martyr more specifically with Christianity because no other faith has produced martyrs in such profusion and because their blood has been the seed of a civilization within which we ourselves live and move and have our being. With these Christian martyrs, then, it may repay us to become more intimate.

Among them a primitive instinct was lifted into a passionate desire to share the sufferings of the author of their faith. The directness of this emotion seems utterly to have escaped Bernard Shaw in *Androcles and the Lion.* The play is a piece of amusing fooling with the Christian martyrs, who were ridiculous enough to their contemporaries and are here again served up to make an English holiday. In the one passage which injects dignity into the theme Mr. Shaw misreads his own fools. He makes Lavinia, better educated than the other prisoners, explain to the captain of the Roman guard that, in the face of death, all her faith in the Christian dreams and stories is oozing, fading away into nothing, and yet she means to die. The dialogue goes on:

"*Captain:* Are you, then, going to die for nothing?

"*Lavinia:* Yes, that is the wonderful thing. It is since all the stories and dreams have gone that I have now no doubt that I must die for something greater than dreams or stories.

"*Captain:* But for what?

"*Lavinia:* I don't know. If it were anything small enough to know, it would be too small to die for."

C'est magnifique—but it is not the truth. Shavians may consent to die only for something too abstract to know. But the Christians who faced the beasts in the Roman arena did it because they knew and loved Jesus Christ. Christianity, like every other religion, uses creeds and dogmas, even stories and dreams, to bulwark its existence. But when it was new-born into the mighty pagan world, only one of several religions which preached sacrifice and atonement, salvation and brotherhood, it had a single, unique instrument of victory: the personal love which its followers bore to a personal master who so exemplified his own preaching as to become their Way and Truth. If Androcles and his like had not been willing to die for a person, Mithras might have conquered Christ. An intense, impelling love for Jesus of Nazareth widened out from the little group of his life-time

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disciples and flooded, at last, the shores of history. Since Jesus had been killed for his faith, his immediate followers passionately wished to die in the same way. Peter, especially, welcomed crucifixion, because in the hour of this torture he could obliterate the memory of that other hour, in the cowardly dawn, just before the cock crew, when he had denied his friend and master. Love like this spread to a group a little further away. Stephen, as the angry Jews in the synagogue surged toward him, looked up steadfastly into heaven and saw, not an Unknown, but Jesus, his Lord. When they cast him out of the city and stoned him, he died calling upon his Lord by name. In the crowd was a hostile young Jew, aiding and abetting the murderous attack. This same youth later—such is the drama of Christianity—by his dynamic personality and power of language spread far and wide the amazing emotion, the consuming love which had made Stephen's face like an angel's and which was to transform the pagan world. Paul endured dangers by land and sea, hunger and thirst and nakedness and buffeting, for the sake of preaching Christ crucified; and then welcomed execution outside the gates of Rome. In death he found at last a certain dwelling-place.

From Stephen and Paul the impulse to find joy in martyrdom rippled out to those obscurer men and women of the first few centuries who endured a violent death for love of one who had been crucified. "I have never suffered and now that I begin I begin to be a disciple of our Lord Jesus Christ"—so one Phileas, unknown to other fame, expressed himself when he was condemned to die. Old Bishop Pothinus of Lyons, so weak at ninety that he could scarcely draw breath, was renewed to strength by the "ardor of his soul and eager desire for martyrdom." Perpetua, the young matron of Carthage, facing her torture, remarked with a woman's sweet audacity, "I have always been gay, I shall be more gay in another world." From the authentic accounts —discarding the dreams and stories—of these martyrdoms might be constructed a series of dramas more picturesque than Mr. Shaw's. For example, in the story of Fructuosus, an early bishop of Rome, characters, scenes, homely details and great emotions lie at the playwright's hand. On a night in January the bishop is in bed, when he hears the footsteps of soldiers coming toward his room. He jumps up and meets them on the threshold, tranquilly receiving their an-

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nouncement that he and his deacons are arrested. He only asks if he may take time to put on his shoes, and they tell him to suit himself about that. The next scene is in the trial room to which the criminals are brought from prison. There they are all condemned to be burned alive and Fructuosus "exults at the thought of the crown which is offered him." Next, the bishop and his deacons are taken to the amphitheatre through crowds of onlookers. The bishop is loved by all who know him, and so the pagans as well as the Christians shower pity upon him. But the Christians say less than the pagans, because, "thinking of the glory which awaits him, they are more inclined to joy than sadness." The drama culminates in the amphitheatre scene. As the victims begin to undress, Fructuosus' reader, with tears in his eyes, begs the privilege of taking off his shoes. But the bishop, "tranquil, joyous," says gently to him: "Go away, my child. I will take off my shoes myself." The fires are lit. The sacrifice is consummated. As a *finale* we are taken into a gathering of the faithful. They are sorrowful, uneasiness oppresses them all. "But they do not pity Fructuosus; on the contrary, they envy him."

With such a devotion impelling men and women of all kinds it is no wonder that in the first Christian centuries martyrdom threatened to run wild. Doubtless most modern intellectuals would have agreed with Marcus Aurelius in his contempt for Christian fanaticism. "The soul," he said, "should be ready at any moment to be separated from the body; but this readiness must come from a man's own calm judgment, not from mere obstinacy and with a tragic show as with the Christians." But in reality the early Church itself, to its infinite credit, insisted upon judgment and reasonableness, refusing to set its seal upon all kinds of martyrdom. A Christian, for instance, who was arrested and punished for wantonly destroying the "idols" of unoffending pagan neighbors was not a martyr but a criminal. Suffering in itself was not a sacrament. This was pointed out over and over by the leaders to the more ignorant. Once, during a plague in Carthage, some Christians lamented that they would have to die on sick-beds instead of as martyrs, and their bishop explained to them: "It is one thing for the spirit to be wanting for martyrdom and another for martyrdom to have been wanting for the spirit. For God does not ask for our blood, but for our faith."

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Marcus Aurelius, on the throne of the Roman Empire and within the citadel of Stoic thought, was too remote from the religion of an obscure sect to understand its remarkable combination of emotion and reason. Before his time, in the period of our classical intimates, Trajan and Pliny and Tacitus, this union was revealed in a man of whom aristocrats and scholars may never have heard, but whose ideas were destined to spread farther and live longer than their own. Ignatius, the bishop of Antioch—said to be third in succession from Peter—was summoned to Rome to be killed by beasts in the amphitheatre. The Roman Christians started a movement to save him. Hearing of this he sent to them, from a stopping-place in his westward journey, an impassioned appeal to be permitted to be a martyr. The emotion in his letter rises like a flood: "Grant me nothing more than that I be poured out to God, while an altar is still ready. . . . God has vouchsafed that the bishop of Syria shall be found at the setting of the sun, having fetched him from the sun's rising. It is good to set to the world towards God that I may rise to him." But this emotion is merely a by-product of his profound conviction that through his death more efficaciously than through his life the truth will speak. Living, he will be but a cry; martyred, he will become a voice of God. The reason for this belief he gives in a superb sentence which would have been foolishness to the *intelligentsia* of the day, but which has been confirmed by two millennia: "Christianity is not the work of persuasiveness, but of greatness when it is hated by the world."

Doubtless without emotion the dictates of reason would far more rarely have been obeyed in this matter of martyrdom. At the behest of "calm judgment" enough blood would not have been spilled to nourish the roots of Christianity. The cool motive for sacrifice offered by the Stoics had but left the pagan world an eager seeker after any religion which would fill the place left void when reason retreated. Among all the Oriental faiths which promised salvation in spite of the defeat of man's will Christianity supplied the emotion of self-surrender to a Person who had died for others; and so won the case before the jury of human hearts. The persuasiveness of logic would not have kept this religion alive. To feed and nurture it greatness was repeatedly called upon to suffer. Its continued existence depended upon the same mysterious law as its birth.

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We are brought back to the birth-pangs of the Christian martyr's faith. Here at Golgotha is the supreme martyrdom of the race. Now it is an amazing fact that before the cross of Jesus of Nazareth we find ourselves persuaded to thoughts which bear almost no resemblance to the thoughts of Peter and Stephen, Paul and Ignatius, Phileas and Perpetua. Here not even a Stoic could have found any tragic show. Here is neither obstinacy nor intense emotion. The founder of Christianity had no more irresistible leaning toward martyrdom than had Socrates, the pagan. And his physical recoil was greater, because he was young and full of life and faced bodily humiliation and suffering as well as death. The Athenian was seventy years old and doubtless had already relaxed his hold on life. He was to incur death—such was capital punishment in Athens—by a free act, without the outrage of personal violence. His martyrdom, for all the shame it heaped upon the law courts of his day, was in its details characteristic of the humaneness and the beautiful dignity of Athenian civilization. The prisoner and his friends had talked for hours about the soul's eternal life, and when the sun set and the hour of his bodily death arrived silence fell upon one of the immortal conversations of history. Then the jailor, reluctantly and respectfully, brought in the cup of poison. Socrates took it into his own hand, drained it, and lay down to die, without torment, in reverent peace. Contrast the fate of the Nazarene at the hands of Jews and Romans, scourged and buffeted, fainting under the heavy instrument of torture laid upon him, suffering from terrible thirst in the midst of agony, slowly dying before the jeering crowds! Those who came after him were sustained by the memory of his suffering and by the ardor of love which that suffering created. In the hour of martyrdom they "saw the glory of God and Jesus standing on the right hand of God." But for himself, upon the cross, there was the sense of having failed with men and been forsaken by God.

Nor was this hour of despair a reaction from exaltation. During the latter months of his life, as he foresaw the failure of his work and the enmity of the authorities, he dreaded the end to which devotion was leading him. The strength of the temptation to avoid it may be measured by the severity of his reproof to Peter—"Get thee behind me, Satan"—for suggesting the possibility of escape. When an alternative

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seemed to present itself, his mind, as if not obstinately set on martyrdom, became troubled. This was when Andrew and Philip told him that some Greeks wanted to see him. There was probably reason for believing that they wished to invite him to go back to Greece with them; and Jesus had a swift thought of what it might mean to preach to such a people. Would it not, indeed, be better to flee Jerusalem and seek Athens, to live and win, rather than to die and lose? The account of his strange, disconnected answer to the disciples who ask if he will see the Greeks, must reproduce the perplexity of his spirit. "Now is my soul troubled," he exclaimed, "what shall I say? Father save me from this hour: but for this cause came I unto this hour." And yet "calm judgment" conquered. For he was assured of a truth which he poured out in burning words to Andrew and Philip: "Verily, verily I say unto you, except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit." Emotionally he dreaded crucifixion, but reasonably he believed that if he was lifted up he would draw all men unto him. None can deny that his judgment has been confirmed. No other martyrdom has generated such continuous results. No other seed buried in the ground has brought forth such abundant fruit. The mysterious law of creation received its sublimest confirmation at Golgotha.

Small wonder that with this mystery in possession of our consciousness we should sometimes forget to look beyond pain to the life which it brings forth. But the martyr of Golgotha did not forget. The generative power of suffering never obscured for him the supremacy of the truth for which he suffered. He judged the efficacy of the buried seed by the goodness of the fruit it was to bear. Blessed are they which are persecuted *for righteousness' sake,* was one of his sayings to the multitude. Indeed, our own rough and ready judgment of certain martyrs proves our unconscious agreement with this. If we really believed that martyrdom in itself ensured the crown, then it would make no difference to us whether Socrates died for the freedom or for the enslavement of human reason. And Saul of Tarsus, killed by a hot-head while he was breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the innocent, would have claimed our reverence as surely as Paul executed by the government for his acts of love and brotherhood. But this is not true. Our estimate

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of both the pagan and the Christian involves an estimate of his cause. We revere the martyrdom of each because it was his final and most fructifying contribution to ideas which we accept as true.

By their fruits ye shall know them. This is a hard saying, for it sweeps away many defences. To mean well is not enough. Even to suffer is not enough. Because truth can be brought to birth only through suffering, we must not argue that everything born of suffering is truth. The terms are not convertible. Our sympathy inevitably goes out to the man who surrenders life or comfort or happiness for a belief. But sympathy must not mislead us into accepting his sacrifice as a proof of the truth of his belief, nor into absolving him, if he be in error. Ignorance is no excuse. The terrible responsibility is laid upon us to know the truth. This has been taught by all our spiritual masters. Socrates even identified virtue with knowledge. And the most piercing words in the New Testament are those which Jesus directed against the permanently self-deceived: "Not everyone that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven. . . . Depart from me, ye that work iniquity."

In these troubled times is it not necessary to bring ourselves back to this teaching, in all its severity? Suffering is rife in the world. We look to it for purification. But we must remember that its efficacy will depend upon the kind of life which fructifies from it. The warning is two-fold, touching both our judgment of others and our hope for ourselves.

We see our enemies suffering to the uttermost, offering themselves as willing martyrs for their faith. We may pay our tribute to their courage and devotion; but to dally with their faith, to be gentle with their doctrine is moral chaos. Those who choose to judge them by their suffering, rather than by the ideas for which they suffer, by their "Lord, Lord" rather than by the iniquity which they work cannot run to shelter behind Christianity. The Crucified bars the way.

But more swift and searching must be the application to ourselves. We long to bear our share of suffering at this time. The passion of thousands of Americans has been recently expressed in these beautiful words: "In a dull and blunted sense, we feel that longing the disciples felt when

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they beheld the Master on the tree, and longed to hang there by his side. Our hearts and minds are sick with fever which only the letting of our blood may heal." But unless our blood is let for truth our sacrifice will be in vain. With our willingness to be martyrs let us join a scrutiny of our cause. Will our buried seed bring forth good fruit? If it be evil, we shall be hewn down and cast into the fire. But if by our dying we give life to freedom and to goodwill and to peace, then we shall become trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord.

ANNE C. E. ALLINSON.

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THE GOTHIC IN FRANCE[1]

BY AUGUSTE RODIN

One of the first among foreigners to understand the ancient cathedrals and churches of France was Ruskin, as was Victor Hugo among his fellow-countrymen. Hugo had made no special study of the subject; but he understood through his great genius: he understood as a poet; for cathedrals are vast poems.

At the time he wrote, the Gothic art was considered in France as something barbarian; in fact, the epithet was applied to all that was Gothic. This error antedates the eighteenth century. Even in the reign of Louis XIV, Fénelon, and those with him who speak of the Gothic architecture, referred to it in disparaging language. What was more admired in the age of the great Louis and his successor was a town-hall of the style then modern. Many cathedrals and churches were roughly treated during those years, and the French Revolution did no more than carry on the work of destruction already begun.

If some one in authority begins to say that a thing is ugly, nearly everybody follows his example; and it needs a strong intelligence to uphold the contrary. Victor Hugo related to me that, when the Rue de Rivoli was being cut, that part of it which is beyond the arcades, between the Louvre and the Rue Saint-Antoine, had been originally designed to have another course, commencing opposite the colonnade of the Louvre and running from there in a straight line as far as the Place du Trône. Had this plan been carried out, the Tour Saint-Jacques, a fine specimen of Gothic sculpture, would have been demolished. Victor Hugo pro-

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tested with such good effect that the original plan was modified, and the Tower was preserved.

I cannot say that, as a boy, though born in Paris, I paid much attention to the architecture of Notre Dame. Children do not know how to see. I remarked its great size, and that was all. Only when I was in full possession of myself, at the age of about twenty-five, did I begin to make a special study of its beauty, which was generally decried. To some extent, indeed, before I was twenty, my eyes had been opened while I was working for a sculptor named Biès, who had a good deal to do with the so-called "restoring" of Notre Dame. It was to him that Violet-le-Duc once said: "Forget all you know, and you will execute something Gothic." The expression had its hidden meaning. Profound knowledge is needed to produce the real Gothic—a form which today exists only in the monuments of the past.

As I grew older and rid myself of the prejudices of my environment, I acquired more assurance and dared to see for myself. Whenever I travelled, I made it a rule to visit all the cathedrals I could. Even in a small town there is often a real cathedral. I used to awaken early in the morning, and hasten to visit what for me were the chief objects of interest. And I remember that the spires and the various parts of these churches gave me an exquisite joy. I would linger and walk round them until I was thoroughly tired out.

No architect or sculptor has ever been able properly to restore a Gothic church or cathedral. Those who have tried, essayed a task as vain as if one were to attempt completing a chapter of Rabelais in which a part was wanting. The new portion would not be like the old. Formerly, when Greek or Roman statues were discovered, the custom was to restore them. Today, the custom has fallen into desuetude, and nothing is lost by it. The Italians it is true continue to repair their ancient monuments; but they only touch the parts that are falling to ruin; whereas, when we repair, we insist on restoring, and spoil the old in order to harmonize it with the new. In Italy, the old is still extant; and, notwithstanding the repairing, we are able to enjoy the admirable beauty of the whole.

It is difficult to explain the Gothic; there is always something that escapes definition. Consequently, ordinary ideas on the subject are erroneous or incomplete. Many people

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talk of the Gothic as if it were nothing but the predominance of the ideal over the material, or again of the idea over form. I consider the matter rather from the point of view of the execution. Another opinion is that the ogive constitutes the Gothic. This is also inexact. We might have Gothic architecture without the ogive. This style results from a long and careful experimentation on the effects of light and shade, and from the faculty thus acquired of giving to architecture a living, moving appearance. When I speak of light and shade, it is without reference to painting; I mean the rendering visible and perceptible certain geometrical points that make the planes of sculpture.

In order to have such effects of light and shade, there must be strongly projecting surfaces, arranged with due regard to their position in foreground and background. These were achieved with infinite art in the old Gothic cathedrals and churches, whose every part invariably stands out or recedes with a fine chiaroscuro. In the modern Gothic, however good the general design may be in outline, there is a lack of location in foreground and background, and the reliefs are shallow, holding no shadow, so that the details seem poor and cold. The superiority of the old will be at once apparent, if an ancient church porch is examined. It looks like a grotto or a cavern—architecturally constructed, of course. Certain of the figures that have been carved within it are bathed in light, others are shrouded in darkness, and others again show half-tints of chiaroscuro. Throughout the day, there is a continual change. While there are never more than a few figures in full view at the same instant, and the rest are either partially seen or divined, the sun's procession transports the effects from one side to the other, transposing them gradually between morning and evening in an animated panorama. Inside the edifice, there is the same impression of light playing amid deep recesses, but here we have candles replacing the sun's rays. Much more than the ogive, the grotto, the cavern, is essential to the Gothic, since by its aid is obtained a unique trituration of light, which comes back to the eyes with mysterious softness after penetrating into the abyss. Not that the architects of the Middle Ages necessarily wrought with a desire to produce something mysterious. This, like the other effects, was derived from the manner of their working, a manner present architectural sculpture is ignorant of or ignores. There is plenty of re-

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lief in the modern style, but the relief has no life. Whether the building be church, chapel or synagogue, it is ugly and cold to look at.

The good Gothic style appears in churches and cathedrals built during the four and five hundred years that lie between the eleventh and sixteenth centuries. Indeed, it can hardly be said to terminate with the Renascence; for our Renascence is still a Gothic style, which we wrongly call Renascence, and is, in reality, a marriage of the Gothic with the Greek—virtually, all is Gothic, but the details are finished in the Greek manner. Nearly all Renascence churches are good examples of this mingling of the two styles. In Paris, for instance, there are Saint-Eustache and Saint-Etienne du Mont. The latter, which is both fine and beautiful, is a Renascence of Henry the Fourth's period. Tonerre also possesses two Renascence churches, one of which has been restored and spoilt, while the other remains as it was first designed. Under the Revolution it was damaged; but the plan is, nevertheless, intact.

Among the purely Gothic edifices it is difficult to assign a preference, except on the score of some particularity. And they are full of such. No two are alike. At Chartres, the cathedral has two spires; one of them soars straight up without mouldings; the other is ornamented; and the contrast is a piece of admirable artistic effect.

In fact art exists only by oppositions, Gothic art especially. That is to say, if you have something ornamental, you must have beside it, as a foil, something simple. In Gothic churches, this is always the case. Notice the towers; in the lower portions they are huge masses of stone, whereas, above, they flower like plants. If Notre Dame at Paris is looked at sideways from the proper standpoints, this can be easily verified. In the environs of Paris, there are numbers of old churches that illustrate the Gothic, the Abbey of Saint-Denis for one. It has been restored; but the grand outlines have not been touched; and, at the distance permitting them to be appreciated, they stand out splendidly. The whole structure is like a child's drawing, a simple yet beautiful drawing of the kind some children know how to make. It is a house with a steeple at the side. At Pontoise, the church has some exquisite details. In the midst of the portal, there is a small edicule of the Greek Renascence order; it is charming. At Etampes, Dreux, Evreux, Caen, there are edifices

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equally remarkable. The finest church at Caen has been restored. It was Renascence Gothic. Now it is heavy. The churches at Troyes were superb; but, since their restoration, the beauty has disappeared. At Sens, there is an exceedingly fine specimen of the Gothic. At Nevers, too, the churches are remarkable.

Our French cathedrals are superior to the English and German ones by the greater sculptural expression displayed in them. In this respect, they are second to nothing outside antique Greek architecture. The German Gothic is characteristically hard. The cathedrals at Strasburg and Cologne exhibit this defect, but, like that at Milan, more on the exterior than in the interior. The interior of the Cologne edifice is very fine, and yet the structure as a whole does not possess that supreme art for lack of which the largest cathedral appears smaller than a small church which has it. Antwerp Cathedral is very beautiful, more beautiful than Cologne. Its spire is a veritable crown; soaring, as it does, into the air, it is glorious to behold. At Malines, the church is likewise beautiful; its ornamentation, however, is somewhat poor, the depth of its relief not being sufficient.

One vantage-point from which to behold a Gothic cathedral is, at a distance from it—two or three kilometres from the town. At this distance it seems enormous, magnificent, imposing; all the other buildings of the town shrink into nothingness. The mass of the structure is in straight lines, but so ornamented that the straight line seems to bulge and fill out, which gives to the whole flexibility and richness.

The architects who raised these edifices were endowed with a consummate knowledge of effect. They would appear, indeed, by the works they have left to have been acquainted with every science. It is the greatness of them all, perhaps, which has prevented their names from coming down to posterity. There are, of course, legends about them. Scholars claim to have discovered the identity of some. But, in fact, while handing on to us the purest and best of themselves, they remain anonymous. At most, we may presume that, in the figures they have carved, there are portraits of many designers and workers. It was only at the Renascence that names began to be attached to the masterpieces of sculpture. At that time, Philibert Delorme, Jean Goujon, Jean Cousin and others succeeded in perpetuating their fame. At present, if any one travels in France and sees a fine figure

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carved somewhere—on a tomb, may be—he is told that Jean Goujon or Jean Cousin carved it, simply because nobody knows who carved it; and as the artist's name has perished, it is these later sculptors who get the credit.

In commencing to study the Gothic it matters little where the starting point is. The chief thing is to humble one's self and become a little child, to be content not to master all at once, to be obedient to what Nature can teach, and to be patient through years and years. The study grows easy enough in time. At first, of course, the comprehension is embryonic; you visit one and another edifice; you divine a part of their value, and with each new experience, the comprehension increases. A mind capable of analyzing and co-ordinating will ultimately succeed in understanding. If today there is such a lack in this respect, the cause lies in the neglect of those great qualities of art that are more than originality, and are born from the love which inspires the work.

In one direction the Gothic sculptors surpass the Greek. The Greek temple is the same everywhere, and similarity, identity, is not a culminating quality of art. Life is made up of strength and grace most variously mingled, and the Gothic gives us this. No one church resembles another. Between the churches of the one part of France and another, differences exist on a very large scale. The cathedrals of Champagne contrast with those of Burgundy, those of the North still more with those of the West.

To explain why these differences are found is difficult. The race and soil are probably a partial factor. The sky may also have had its influence. The Romanesque style which immediately precedes the Gothic is ordinarily sombre; and yet, if one goes to the banks of the Loire, it will be seen to be as luminous as that of the Renascence. The sombre note prevails most on the north of France, but it is felt also in the south. This Romanesque is the style of the first kings in the sixth and seventh centuries, and persists to a considerably later period. The mixed Renascence and Gothic, which at Rouen is rather hard as well as rather dark, assumes in the Loire Valley an infinite splendor. At Chambord the Castle, which I saw before it was restored, was then a structure of marvellous grace and full of light.

In the natural transformation of the Gothic, whatever changes were made took place under the twofold dominating

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preoccupation of subordinating every detail to the whole effect, and of giving to each detail a depth of finish that produces softness in the mass. This principle is carried out in the smallest thing as well as in the greatest. The tiniest leaf is perfectly chiselled and has its own importance as well as its proper place in the mass. In the Flamboyant style, for instance,—a development that came about during the sixteenth century,—there is none the less simplicity on account of these qualities. Wherever a cathedral strikes the eye as being cold and hard, there is lack of seriation in the details. They stand out by themselves too much on the same plane; and then, even though the values are equal, they do not contribute what they should to the effect of the whole.

The Gothic style itself is a natural outgrowth of the Roman. It is the Roman raised and magnified. When once adopted, it spread throughout Western Europe, the result being an architectural aggregate, the like of which had never been seen before, and perhaps will never be seen again. And the terrible thing is that our restoring of cathedrals is a quick way of destroying these masterpieces. If the Greeks, or afterwards the Romans, in their decadence, had destroyed the Parthenon, we should have known nothing of the veritable grandeur of its builders. In France, there are a considerable number of Gothic churches which have been left alone, because they were not marked on the list, money not being forthcoming for the work of restoration. One of the churches at Tonnerre is an example; the cathedral at Beauvais is another, and one of the finest. This cathedral has no steeple. At a distance from the town the back of the structure can be seen, looking like a living giant.

It is worth noting that the architects of the Middle Ages did not aim at regularity in their edifices, which are often dissymmetric. Sometimes, even, the nave is not in the axis. And yet the entire building is beautiful by the very opposition of its values. The fashion now is to speak slightingly of such productions, to apply to them the term "naïve." The word so used indicates inability to grasp the perfection of their execution. A similar affectation is that which asserts Greek art has no life in it. On the contrary, for those who have eyes to see, Greek art is all life, but so naturally expressed that ordinary intelligence is apt to pass it by unheedingly. In art we are becoming more and more ignorant,—in a century, too, which thinks it possesses great critical power.

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The material out of which the ancient Gothic cathedrals and churches were built was a stone curiously small-hewn. Its color varies a little in the different provinces of France, but it is largely gray, or grayish-white. Burgundy stone shows rather more gray, Alsace more tendency to red. In Auvergne rows of black stones are mingled with the gray mass, which is a practice also existing in Italy. It is possible that the kind and color of the stone exercised a certain influence upon the construction; but, in general, Gothic architecture does not seek effects of light by mingling varieties of stone. More exactly, one might say that in the Gothic everything is added for the sake of the monument. In fact, we return to the chiaroscuro previously mentioned—the sculptural expression being the structural expression.

The real home of the French Gothic is the center and the north of France. It reigns besides in the east, in Burgundy; and it may claim to take in Belgium and even a little of Holland. The Gothic of the south never advanced far beyond the Romanesque. That of Brittany is a trifle heavy and not so fine. In the direction of Poitiers and Angoulême, the style has mostly remained Romanesque, but of a special and admirable kind. I might, indeed, say that it is more Oriental and almost Byzantine. To tell the truth, the Romanesque, lying as it does between the Roman and the Gothic, frequently has in it something of one or the other; and, in particular, there is a period in which it is difficult to say whether the style is Romanesque or Early Gothic. What is easier is to distinguish between the Greek and the Gothic. Both possess to a superlative degree that peculiar reflection of light and shade, due to the sculptural planes, of which I have spoken above. But in the Greek there is more trituration of the light; in the Gothic, more trituration of the shade; or, again, one might put it, the Greek models light, and the Gothic models shade.

It would require a series of photographs or designs to make these distinctions quite evident. I have them all photographed in my memory, a method which is not very convenient for reproduction. A few notes and drawings are my only graphic representations; but as I have never learned perspective, my drawings often wobble. This defect in my education often troubles me in my architectural designs, for perspective is a useful science, albeit landscape-painters sometimes neglect it. In sculpture there is less need

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for it, unless in making bas-reliefs with a distinct background. What I know of perspective is by instinct. When I was young, I had an antipathy to geometry, believing it was a cold science that hindered enthusiasm. I have had perforce to acquaint myself with it, since all I do is based on geometry. Life itself is geometrical, a truth I only came to recognize later. The geometry I practice, however, is a geometry of my own,—which is, no doubt, pretty close to the other. I am like the peasant that does not know arithmetic. He reckons in a way peculiar to himself.

To say what has been my own progress in the study and comprehension of the Gothic would be in detail impossible for me. The study has unquestionably influenced my sculpture, giving me more flexibility, more depth, more life in my modelling. This can be seen in my figures, which have become more mysterious, owing to the more perfect chiaroscuro. Not that I could point in particular to one or another of my productions as an instance of the modification. The influence has entered into my blood, and has grown into my being.

The Gothic is not the Gothic because of the period in which it was developed, but because of the manner of seeing of the period. You enter a cathedral. You find it full of the mysterious life of the forest; and the reason of it is that it reproduces that life by artistic compression, so that the rock, the tree—Nature, in fine—is there; an epitome of Nature. It is a mistake to imagine that the religious conceptions of the time were able to bring forth these masterpieces, any more than the religious conceptions of today are responsible for the ugliness of our modern structures. The ancient edifices gained their beauty through the faithful study of Nature practised by the Gothic sculptors. Their only ideal was the vision they had of her; quite as much as the Greeks they drew from her all their power; and, in like manner, I find my inspiration in my model. The charm of the subject comes from that. I am opposed to the doctrine which holds that the idea leads, that it ennobles the work. I believe rather that it is the strength resulting from labor which adds to the idea. Of itself, our idea is poor. This theory may seem commonplace; but, at any rate, it better explains the hundreds and hundreds of splendidly artistic buildings—churches and abbeys as well as cathedrals —that came into existence during the Gothic period, many

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of them hidden away in country nooks which need exploring for these treasures to be discovered. Compared with similar Italian edifices they are much superior. In fact, the Gothic in Italy is less developed, too, as regards the number of its buildings. There, painting and sculpture have been more separated from architecture, and exist more for themselves; especially worthy of mention are the painted windows and tapestry. In France, also, there is no lack of beautiful windows and tapestry; and what adds to the value of them is their being really part of the Gothic interior they adorn. Ruskin has written well on these things; I believe it was his book which brought so many English-speaking people to visit them. We have writers of our own today, Huysmans among others, who introduce descriptions of them into their literature; but one does not get much benefit by reading them. A visit to the church is more profitable, or, failing this, to a museum like the Trocadero, where plaster reproductions of some fine specimens of Gothic architecture may be seen. The stained-glass windows painted in recent times make little or no impression on us, because the tones are false. Those of the Gothic period raise one to the heavens. They are copies from the flowers of the field, not from imagination; and the men that painted them pored over the tints and shades of the plants and blossoms they had under their eyes, until they had succeeded in reproducing them exactly as they saw them. I insist on this point, for it is Nature that is celestial. They who give us windows now proceed in another way.

In order to reform our present stereotyped methods of art, we want a second Renascence. For a long time I hoped that in a near future this might be; but I have ceased hoping today. It would require a catastrophe capable of overturning and changing everything. Of course, I am speaking of what is likely to happen in the next twenty-five or fifty years. Life is eternal; and, sooner or later, things must alter for the better. But so far, in our modern architecture, I see nothing that gives encouragement. We have intelligent men who are sufficiently educated. They copy everything; they ferret out the style of Nineveh, as well as the styles of Louis XIV and Louis XV; but what they produce is without soul, without art, and is insignificant. They repeat, but only as the parrot does. For long years, we have done nothing but turn out from our colleges young men stuffed with useless

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scientific lumber; and they very quickly lose it all, and there is nothing to take its place. This is not to be wondered at when throughout Europe there is such a neglect of art in our education. It may be replied to me that the inventions of science compensate for the deficiency; but these inventions are almost exclusively, if not quite, a mere increase in the power of the bodily senses and faculties; the telegraph in that of the tongue, the telephone in that of the ear, the railway in that of the legs, the photographic science in that of the eye; and these inventions leave in ignorance the more intellectual part of the individual. Your portrait can be taken, your voice boxed up; this is extraordinary; but the soul which commands, the god which is in the head, is forgotten.

And yet the means for altering this state of things is near at hand, is beneath our eyes. We have still the same Nature that inspired those anonymous sculptors to give us the Gothic; we still have a sufficient number of Gothic masterpieces intact—so many epitomes of Nature, as I have said—to show what can be done by the man who starts with his vision open to her teaching.

I make no fetish of the Gothic sculpture. I do not claim for it what it does not possess. A contrast to the Greek,—a complement of it,—inferior to it in some respects, superior to it in others, it is one of the most wonderful phenomena that the genius of our race has manifested. And if we are to advance in art beyond the stationary position we occupy at this moment, we shall only do so by a thorough comprehension and appreciation of the beauties and qualities that are peculiar to it.[1]

AUGUSTE RODIN.

[1] Dictated by M. Rodin to a stenographic reporter, and translated from the French by Frederick Lawton, M.A., author of the *Life and Work of Auguste Rodin.*

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DRAMA AND MUSIC

A NEW FRENCH THEATRE IN NEW YORK.—THE MUSIC OF ERNEST BLOCH

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

It is not every showman from foreign parts who comes to us trailing such clouds of glory as have brightened the passage of M. Jacques Copeau from Le Théâtre du Vieux Colombier, in Paris, to West Thirty-fifth Street, New York. They are clouds heavy with incense. M. Paul Claudel deposes that the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier " is what the theatre should be "—namely, " a few boards thrown across two trestles, as in the time of Molière, with superb indifference to effect " (M. Claudel has no doubt decided in his own mind how one would adapt *Ghosts* or *The Weavers* or *Chantecler* or *The Pigeon* to such a care-free and exiguous theatre). M. Henri Bergson testifies that he has witnessed at M. Copeau's theatre a " resurrection of the simplicity and fervor of bygone days." M. Claude Debussy " cannot remember ever having spent a dull evening " at the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier. To Emil Verhaeren, M. Copeau's theatre is " the theatre of today " (a phrase, to be sure, not necessarily complimentary—though we shall let that pass). These are shining names: it is not a small thing thus to have pleased such fine spirits as Claudel and Debussy, Bergson and Verhaeren; and such others as Vincent d'Indy and Igor Stravinsky (who also precipitate their own clouds of glory upon M. Copeau's prospectuses and programmes).

It would not have been a small thing if M. Copeau had accomplished only half—only a quarter—of the aims which his reputation justified us in believing that he had accomplished in Paris. For listen to his calm declaration of principles:

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"The artistic programme of the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier can be described in a few words: modesty, sincerity in arduous research, continuous novelty, absolute refusal of compromise toward commercialism or *cabotinage;* fighting in the name of true tradition against the academic, against aesthetic virtuosity and every affectation of the mind, and this in the name of sensibility, culture, and taste. In the interpretation of its répertoire, the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier tries to put in the first place and in full light the work itself, in its truth, in its exact style; and through the action, the staging, and the play of the actors, to release the spirit of the poet from the text of the play." In other words, all M. Copeau aims at is artistic honesty, artistic fidelity, artistic intelligence; a fresh and sensitive attitude toward his subject-matter; and an unwearying aesthetic curiosity. Well, these, after all, are merely the aims of all those who are directing the new and revivifying forces to which the modern theatre is everywhere responding: in Chicago and Detroit and New York, in the English provinces, as well as in Dublin and Moscow and Berlin (if so gentle a thing as dramatic idealism still survives in those troubled centres). As for Paris, M. Copeau has there been almost a voice crying in the wilderness; for, oddly enough, the French have been less curious and less alert to experiment in these new ways of the theatre than even, for example, the despised bourgeoisie of our own Middle West.

M. Copeau will therefore, perhaps, forgive us for saying that his new theatrical evangel is neither so new nor so strange to us as he perhaps supposes. A nation of theatre-goers and play-readers and subscribers to courses in The Modern Drama, a nation that long ago exhausted Granville Barker and Reinhardt and Gordon Craig as dinner-table topics, is bound to listen without dangerous excitement when M. Copeau says to it, in his ardent Gallic way: "We offer you sincerity, color, the movement of life, beauty on the stage in all its forms,—drama, tragedy, comedy, farce, pantomime. Our love is for poetry, gayety, fantasy. We turn away from what is artificial, vulgar, or pedantic." That has a promising and delightful sound; but it does not thrill by reason of novelty or surprise. The point is strictly and simply this: what do M. Copeau's admirable generalities mean in the coldly concrete terms of West Thirty-fifth Street and the intelligently responsive New York playgoer?

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M. Copeau has said, more particularly, that he aims to establish here a center of French culture: that this, "the youngest and most vital of the theatres of France", endeavors to represent to us "the spirit of France". The purpose of its founders was "to create an entirely free and disinterested French stage, devoted to the masterpieces of the past and at the same time open to the coming men." It is at once an instrument of contemporary French aspiration and endeavor, and a vehicle for tradition, "seeking to give a new interpretation to the classical répertoire." It wishes "to center the attention of the public on the actual drama and acting, on the beauty of attitudes," and it assumes the necessity for "a simplification of scenery"—even, "in many cases," its elimination. It undertakes the abolition of "stars," and seeks for homogeneity under a single controlling spirit; and, as a subsidiary purpose, it undertakes to train actors from their youth, establishing wholesomeness and flexibility through gymnastics and outdoor living.

It must be a dull soul indeed that will not respond to the elevation and sweet reasonableness of a theatrical idealism such as that. It is a pleasant unction for some of us to remember that M. Copeau, who dreamed this fair vision of a theatre at once honest and gay, uncompromising and flexible, reverent and audacious, in love with adventure yet sensitively aware of classic backgrounds—it is pleasant, we say, for some of us to remember that M. Copeau was a critic of letters and art and the drama before he became an innovating practitioner in the theatre. An aesthetic liberal, restless and experimental, he founded the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier at Paris in October, 1913. Until his enterprise was interrupted by the War, he dealt with a répertoire that ranged from Thomas Heywood to Dostoievski, from Molière to Claudel—thus fulfilling his announced plan of assembling *"ce que les œuvres du passé présentent de plus solide et ce que la production contemporaine offre de plus vivant."* Disrupted by the War, the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier is now re-established after an interval of three years, not in the Street of the Old Dovecote, Paris, but in what was once the Garrick Theatre, and before that was the abode of the immortal Harrigan, in West Thirty-fifth Street, New York. Here M. Copeau initiated last month his gallant enterprise, which he modestly and most tactfully commends to our indulgence as "worthy of our culture"; here he is to present

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"to the judgment of the American public" twenty-five plays, for which "the interpretation and staging will be in harmony with the tendencies of modern dramatic art."

We have already witnessed the first of these productions: a bill offering as its chief feature a performance of Molière's *Les Fourberies de Scapin,* introduced by an expository piece modelled upon the *Impromptu de Versailles* (which provides M. Copeau, as it provided Molière, with an ingenious vehicle for expounding his philosophy of the theatre), and finished off with a ceremonial pageant in honor of Molière. Of these activities, only the performance of Molière's farce was both interesting and consequential; for the expository skit was an unjustifiable use of time and labor which might better have been devoted to the performance of another of the plays in M. Copeau's répertoire (and why, anyway, go to the trouble of explaining your aims to your audience while press agents and Sunday newspapers are still abroad in the land?); while the *Ceremonie du Couronnement de Molière* was an equally ungratifying substitute for, say, half an hour of *L'Annonce fait à Marie.*

As for *Les Fourberies de Scapin,* if it had to be done at all, it is impossible to imagine a more persuasive way of doing it than the way of the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier. *Les Fourberies de Scapin* is not, of course, a thing to be taken with any seriousness—although we think Mr. Chatfield-Taylor is too severe with Molière when he denies "characterization" to this farce, in which, he complains, Molière "sacrificed upon the altar of his public . . . the elements which make his plays so peerless." The piece is, to be sure, comedy of a crass and boisterous and wholly external kind—little more, as Mr. Chatfield-Taylor observes, than an Italian imbroglio, with which Molière relapsed upon the meretricious ways of his youth. But it is scarcely true that *Les Fourberies de Scapin* is barren of characterization. The figure of Géronte is shrewdly and saliently projected—he is much more than a mere puppet of farce: he has an inescapable reality. So, too, has the rogue Scapin, despite his traditional type. He exists "in the round"; he has individual tang and savor. Yet, after one has said the best that one can for it, the fact remains that this piece is hardly worthy of Molière's genius. It scarcely hints at his finer traits. And so one cannot but wish that M. Copeau had spared the pains he has lavished upon it, and had expended them, in-

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stead, upon one of Molière's authentic masterpieces. Perhaps his choice of so light-waisted and easily assimilable an offering betrays some lingering misgivings on his part as to the robustness and staying-quality of that American "culture" to which he has so graciously referred.

But if anything could make this Molière farce a joy forever, if not quite a thing of beauty, it is the beguiling manner in which M. Copeau exposes it. He employs a relentlessly "simplified" and happily conventionalized stage. Most of the action is focused upon a small rectangular platform, with steps on all sides and a bench facing the audience. At the rear of the main stage is a gallery, its windows draped with colored hangings. Upon and about the centered platform, Scapin and his dupes enact their riotous adventures. No one whose acquaintance with *Les Fourberies de Scapin* is confined to its printed text can imagine the abundance and vitality of comic effect which M. Copeau and the best of his associates extract from it. Most of these players possess that natural eloquence with which a too-partial God has endowed the French. These Gallic players have not the congenital self-consciousness and rigidity of the Anglo-Saxon to overcome. Their fluidity and freedom of expression are endlessly surprising. As for M. Copeau himself, he gives, as Scapin, a fascinating exhibition. An amazing virtuoso in his mastery of comic denotement, he fills the crude and hard outlines of the rôle with a richness and variety of comic life, an unflagging vividness, an imaginative intensity of indication, that furnish a dazzling object-lesson in the recreative potency of histrionism at its most accomplished.

What M. Copeau can achieve in dealing with more profound and delicate material we are unable to say at this writing; but as a producer and interpreter of broad comedy he would be hard to surpass. At least he has offered us, as he said he would, color and gayety, if he has not yet shown us beauty, poetry, or the movement of life. But as to these, his season is full of promise.

In that deeply touching revelation of a Jewish soul which appeared in the Review last month, it was memorably said that "though the Jew go through fire a hundred times and die a thousand deaths, and the thing of wonder be hidden for generations within a ruin, yet will the Jew who tears open his own breast find it there without mark or blemish, perfect as

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on the first day." That thing of wonder, that dark mystery, is the Jewish spirit. "It may be that He had no need to clothe us in robes of state for the eyes of the world, having made it clear to us that the world itself is but a garment; having ordained that we should pass through Time as easily as our fathers passed through the Red Sea in the day of Moses, and that Space should set up no barriers to our passage." That this Jewish spirit still lives, incarnate in those who wander through the world as though on a secret errand: that the spirit of ancient Israel, of the eternal Jew, still lives—the spirit that flamed in the prophets and the patriarchs, the poets and singers of Israel: that this unconquerable thing survives, is a truth that has lately demonstrated itself to those who care for the creative things of the spirit.

The world of music has become increasingly aware, within the past year, of the art of one who writes as a Jew, but not as the traditional Jew of music. Those who come to the music of Mr. Ernest Bloch expecting to find within it the racial traits that characterize and bind together the music of, for instance, Meyerbeer and Goldmark: the sensuousness always a little meretricious, the pomp always a little strutting and blatant, the passion of which one easily wearies, the opulence that glitters and is cheap instead of the opulence that is glowing and jewelled—those, we say, who come with such prepossessions to the music of Bloch, will find it necessary to revise a number of ancient aesthetic summaries concerning the Jewish note in music.

Mr. Bloch, a Swiss Jew who is still under forty, came to America a few years ago with a Parisian reputation of moderate extent, but known by name in this country to only a few. At the close of last spring's concert season a group of his larger works was brought into public view at Carnegie Hall under the auspices of that inveterately enterprising and admirably curious body of artistic enthusiasts, The Society of the Friends of Music. It was at once perceived that Mr. Bloch was a music-maker who could thenceforth not be ignored. There are living today four composers who wear imperial robes: men who are transforming musical speech as certainly as in an earlier day it was transformed by Bach and Beethoven, Chopin and Liszt and Wagner. We shall not say that Mr. Bloch seems as yet to belong among this sovereign company of our own time (who are sure, by the way, not to be officially crowned until at least

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a quarter of a century hence); but he has traits which make it unwise to be too confident of his eventual inferiority.

Mr. Bloch is not that supreme aesthetic bore, an artist with a conscious mission. He is a poet in tones, held by the beauty and awe and terror of the human pageant and the wonder and loveliness of its earthly setting: a poet—yet, paramountly, a Jewish poet. He has spoken of his enthrallment by the ancient Jewish soul—the "complex, glowing, agitated soul" that he feels vibrating through the Bible. He is himself a manifestation of that soul reborn. In his *Trois Poèmes Juifs,* in his settings of the Psalms, in his symphony, *Israel,* he has touched to new life, in music of extraordinary power and sincerity, the slumbering spirit of those rhapsodists and poets, those prophets and patriarchs, those great lovers and great dreamers, who laid a spell of imperishable beauty and splendor upon the recorded memories of their meditations and dreams and aspirations. It is impossible not to recognize that Mr. Bloch has inherited the authentic spirit of this imaginative and emotional tradition. He has spoken —lovingly, as speaks the son of a great past—of "the sorrow and immensity of the Book of Job; the sensuality of the Song of Songs; the freshness and naïveté of the Patriarchs; the despair of the Preacher in Jerusalem." These things have been recaptured by him in his own musical speech. They are native to it, implicit in the very heart of it. They are eloquent in every accent that it commands: in its concentrated intensity; in its sombre brooding; in its opulence that is never vulgarized, its gorgeousness that is woven of fine and costly stuffs; in its range and flexibility of passionate speech—now of an exalted solemnity, now of a wild lyric ecstasy, now of such a ferocity and abandonment of lamentation as our more reticent Occidental music scarcely knows.

But as Mr. Bloch has rightly said for himself, he is first a musician; then a specially initiated poet of Jewry: and so we find him, in the *Poèmes d'Automne* for voice and orchestra (to verse by Beatrix Rodès) that the Society of the Friends of Music enabled us to hear a few weeks ago, using a more generalized musical tongue—speaking with beauty and subtlety and a singularly constant poignancy of the emotional cycle of woman's life. And here, too,—no less than in what we must at present feel to be his unique and uninvaded territory of racial eloquence,—we pay tribute to a musical temperament so deeply sincere, so distinguished, so richly

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articulate, that all who love music as a living and motile art must hold their heads a little higher because of him. In these temples and on these hills and pastures there are to be heard, from time to time, the echoes of other songs than his. It would be a miracle if this were not true—as, indeed, it has been true of the pilgrim gods themselves. The worth of his gifts is perceived when one realizes that his most eloquent discourses are his alone.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

HENRY JAMES IN REVERIE[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

It is not easy to think of Henry James enjoying himself hugely in Mid-Victorian London, until you remember that he was then scarcely out of his twenties. That was the London—as he himself has called it—of "a whiskered age." It was the London of Browning, of Tennyson, of Lowell's ministry; and Mr. James had begun to set down in detail his memories of it shortly before he died. He has left us only a fragment—only a hundred and nineteen pages—of what was to be a volume of autobiographical reminiscences. It was intended as a supplement to *Notes of a Son and Brother,* and was to have run to about the same length. He had dictated seven chapters during the first autumn of the War, but these were put aside for other work, and were never continued. A little more than a year later he was dead. Mr. Percy Lubbock, who has edited these chapters (they had been left unrevised), tells us that in dictating them Henry James used no notes; that there is no indication of the course which the recollections would have followed, nor of the precise period they were intended to cover. So far as we possess them, they relate only to the first few years of Mr. James's long residence in his adored London, which began in the spring of 1869, and they implicate no year later than the early 'eighties. After many decades, Mr. James could still dwell, with his expansive and inundating affection, upon performances of Robertson's comedies at the "dear little old" Prince of Wales's

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[1] *The Middle Years,* by Henry James. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1917.

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Theatre in Tottenham Court Road; upon Irving's "Shakespearean splendors" at the Lyceum; upon the great cab-rank of "delightful hansoms" that stretched along Piccadilly from the top of the Green Park unendingly down; upon the youth of "the æsthetic era", and the "last words" of the *raffiné* "that were chanted and crooned in the damask-hung temple of the Grosvenor Gallery."

He must have enjoyed the recovery of these memories (to which he has adequately if a little economically given the title of one of the short stories in *Terminations*). Quite clearly they exercised a spell upon him, as they breathed to him across the age (he says) "the note of a London world that we have left far behind"—in consequence of which, he confesses, "I the more yearningly steal back to it, as on sneaking tip-toe, and shut myself up there without interference. It is embalmed in disconnections, in differences, that I cultivate a free fancy for pronouncing advantageous to it. . . . My inspiration is in touching as many as possible of the points of the other tradition, retracing as many as possible of the features of the old face, eventually to be blurred again even before my own eyes . . ." He had to leave this delectable retracing, only a hundred pages further on, in the middle of a sentence—a sentence, characteristically, in which, to the very end almost, we find him talking about color and design and beauty.

Someone who met him in those days told Miss Rebecca West that, with his long silky black beard, he looked like "an Elizabethan sea captain." He must have had, then, a singular and (to the prejudice of Victorian London) an un-American distinction and charm, with his extraordinary courtesy and responsiveness and sensibility. Even the growl of the Laureate was softened, apparently, and made to yield "pure romance" and "enormities of pleasure" to the young American in the confession of a liking for a short story of James that Tennyson had read—"and not only read but admired, not only admired but understandingly referred to its actually patent author," who could scarce believe his ears on hearing the thing superlatively commended.

You get a sense of the man's incorruptible fineness of sympathy and tact in an earlier episode—the unforgettable incident of the visit to George Eliot and Lewes at North Bank, in company with Mrs. Greville, at the close of which Lewes entreated him to "take them away, please, away,

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away! those books!"—"those books" being the two volumes of James's own "precious last," presented by him to Mrs. Greville, and by that devoted lady unloaded, "with the best conscience in the world," upon the Lewes household —"out of which it had jumped with violence, under the touch of accident, straight up again into my own exposed face." Lewes had not, of course, connected book with author, or author with visitor, or visitor with anything but the convenience of that departing visitor's ridding the household of an unconsidered trifle. "The vivid demonstration of one's failure to penetrate there had been in the sweep of Lewes's gesture, which could scarce have been bettered by his actually wielding a broom." It is Henry James's wholly typical reflection that he "had been served right enough in all conscience, but the pity was that Mrs. Greville had been. This I never wanted for her . . ." "I think nothing passed between us in the brougham," he observes quite simply, "on revelation of the identity of the offered treat so emphatically declined—I see that I couldn't have laughed at it to the confusion of my gentle neighbor." It is in recalling an earlier visit to North Bank that he has left us an imperishable picture of his own gravely dignified self kneeling beside a son of Lewes who lay stretched upon the floor, the young man having succumbed to a seizure of pain which came upon him as the heritage of an attack by an angry bull, who had tossed or otherwise mauled the youth and left him, says Mr. James with inspired delicacy, "considerably compromised." For an even more marvellous deftness of indication, we have his unmatchable account of that luncheon at Tennyson's during which the Laureate expatiated upon the connotations brought to his mind by the gentle Mrs. Greville's innocent reference to one of her French relatives, a "Mlle. de Sade." It was "the homeliest, frankest, most domestic passage," recalls Mr. James, "and most remarkable for leaving none of us save myself in the least embarrassed or bewildered; largely, I think, because of the failure . . . of all measure, on the part of auditors and speaker alike, of what might be intended or understood, of what, in fine, the latter was talking about. . . . He struck me, in truth, as neither knowing nor communicating knowledge." Indeed, Mr. James's concluding word upon Tennyson is of an intimation of "glory without history . . . of the poetic character more worn than paid for." This verdict came gradually into Mr.

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James's mind "during the friendly analysis of the reputation of M. de Sade." Was he not present, he considers, "at some undreamed-of demonstration of the absence of the remoter real, the real other than immediate and exquisite, other than guaranteed and enclosed, in landscape, friendship, fame, above all in consciousness of awaited and admired and self-consistent inspiration?"—To arrive at so choice a diagnosis of the Tennysonian *lacunæ* by way of the Marquis de Sade is a feat that would have been possible only to Henry James.

That is typical of these Reminiscences at their most genuinely assuring—typical of a book that will always recall, to those who hold him dear, the power that Henry James had of setting in motion a rich multiplicity of unexpected vibrations. There is an instrument known to students of the orchestral apparatus under its ancient name of "*viola d'amore.*" Its tone-quality, of a unique and haunting timbre, derives from its possession of a supplementary set of strings beneath the fingerboard, which vibrate sympathetically with the strings actually engaged by the bow. This richly shadowed and astral quality of utterance has always stood to us as a fantastic symbolization of the unparalleled expressional power of Henry James at his best. It is obvious that his art is essentially an art of overtones: of the shadows of shadows, of dreams within dreams, of mirrored intricacies of communication. It can accomplish—it has accomplished—registrations for which there are no analogues in English writing: effects of a beauty and subtlety so supreme, so perfect, that to praise them is almost an impertinence. There are such miracles of intimation and registration in this autobiographic fragment, that yet is steeped in a strange pathos—a pathos due to its clear revelation of a profound defect in Henry James's art.

We cannot conceive it possible to read these last reminiscent pages of his without a growing confirmation of one's old persuasion that that amazing brain had little sense of relative significance. For Henry James,—in his latter years particularly,—every experience, every encounter, was more than (in his own fond term) "a case": it was an adventure, always thrilling, often momentous. There was something inextricably naïve and childlike about his attitude toward experience. He was probably the most responsive soul who ever lived. His first meeting with an English

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muffin impresses one as having had for him almost the delightful tenseness and excitement of a child opening its Christmas stocking. He was capable of writing about the fall of a sparrow as if it were as portentous an event as the betrayal of a soul. His lust for what must seem, even to minds not utterly gross, the infinitely trifling, his passionate curiosity about and absorption in the infinitesimal, goes joyfully hand in hand with his megaphonic tendency. He cannot announce his reaction to his first English muffin in the tone of voice that is naturally appropriate to discourse upon muffins: he must announce it with orotund portentousness, as if he were proclaiming the loss of a kingdom or the advent of a new savior: with an expansion and enlargement of emphasis that is often saved from infantine absurdity by the fact that the victim of this strange mania is unmistakably a gentle and potentially humorous soul prodigiously interested in his own reactions.

His infinitely elaborate concern with mental and emotional subtleties is often so exquisitely rewarding in the quality of its revelations that one is tempted to forget the many times when it yields merely garrulous trivialities. He had, bluntly, an almost grotesque blindness to relative values. An incomparable artist in manipulation, he yet lacked the artist's indispensable respect for the comparative preciousness of material. His abnormal readiness of response led him time and again into a kind of voluptuous saturnalia of variation upon a theme whose inherent consequence was distorted out of all relation to its true place in his design—a voluptuous dalliance with the ghosts of sensation which, to minds possessing a hardier sense of relative validities, suggests on his part an incomprehensible and incurable obtuseness.

Marvellous in penetration and exhibition, he lacked justness of appraisal. We should not say that he was too inquisitive and too curious, but that he was not inquisitive nor curious enough. He behaved toward a subtlety of apprehension as if it were not obligatory upon him to " place " it in relation to other subtleties. He did not see the difference between significant and insignificant subtleties; the fact that they were subtleties filled his mind to the exclusion of all sense of the need to discriminate them. Life is not long enough nor spacious enough nor empty enough to justify one in entertaining all the psychic muffins which Mr. James

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offers to us in the course of the voluminous certifications of experience which constitute his writings. His exorbitant, his preposterous demand upon us is not amiably to be allowed when you remember—as you must so often in his later phases—that he is as naïvely indiscriminate as a baby who will cherish a ruined hairpin as tenderly as if it were a French doll.

And yet what does it matter, after all, in comparison with what he did have and did give? To feel as he could feel, to tell as he could tell—who would not yield up any quotidian and philistine hold on proportion in exchange for the possession of so noble a heart, so miraculous a wizardry of evocation? We choose to regard as an unconscious portrait of the artist himself that picture he has left us of one of the rarest among the fine souls he loved to paint, and to say that he, too, "spent half his time in thinking of beauty, and bravery, and magnanimity"; that he "thought it would be detestable to be afraid or ashamed." Thus he moved through life: inexhaustibly ardent, compassionate, gentle; in love with loveliness.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

JOHN KEATS. By Sidney Colvin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1917.

The result of Sidney Colvin's effort to produce a book "giving a full and connected account of Keats's life and poetry together, in the light of all the available material," is a volume that will prove deeply satisfying to every student of literature and to every lover of the poet. In the first place Keats as a human being is set forth in this work with a simplicity, a naturalness, a sober and convincing reality, that simply annul the effect of all false estimates or idle prepossessions, and that hold that wayward imagination, which in appreciative readers is so apt to blur the biographic page by the very facility of its coöperation, strictly to the contemplation of truth. In the second place, the critical portions of the work are not only light-shedding in the important, but minor, way of revealing sources and tracing developments, but are splendidly interpretative, adding to the reader's capacity for enjoyment.

Keats, of course, cannot be understood apart from his friendships. In dealing with the friends of Keats and with their influence upon the poet, Mr. Colvin brings into use a power of fair and full but decisive and pointed characterization that clears the emotional mists and glamours once for all from the atmosphere of Keats's circle and shows its members as they truly were. Leigh Hunt, Haydon, Brown, Cowden Clarke, and the rest—even persons less closely in touch, like Christopher North and Lockhart—are estimated with a sureness and authority that adds immensely to the reality and worth of the whole narrative. In all this, one never loses contact with the poet himself, nor does one think either of him or of his friends as bundles of abstract qualities; one perceives flesh and blood and character in all of them.

Through analysis, patient research, and comparison the author has been able to illuminate in the most interesting and profitable manner the nature of Keats's mental processes. He has, for example, wonderfully explained and illustrated that method of "evocation," as distinct from the method of exposition, upon which the poet was so dependent for the clearness and continuity of his thought. He has also, without attempting to explain the inexplainable, gone as far as a wise man could go, or as a lover of poetry would wish to go, in determining the sources, or rather the suggestions, that gave rise to some of the

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poet's noblest passages. The exegesis upon the *Ode on a Grecian Urn* is accompanied by a reproduction of the figures upon the Sosibios Vase, which closely correspond to the imagery of the poem. An "old and deep impression" received from Claude's noble picture, the "Sacrifice to Apollo," is shown to have had its effect in shaping this as well as other poetic visions. Even the famous "magic casements" lines in the *Ode to a Nightingale* may be plausibly connected with another picture of Claude's, "The Enchanted Castle." To follow clues of this kind under Mr. Colvin's guidance is extremely profitable, especially since the guide never forgets the essential marvelousness of the process by which impressions derived from other arts or from nature were suddenly and gloriously transmuted into poetry in the mind of Keats.

Lessons in appreciation, too, of the soundest and most helpful kind are the author's discussion of the poet's characteristic manner of vivifying even dead and senseless things, of giving them life instead of merely describing them, and of the success with which Keats applied his own principle—the principle that "the excellence of every art is its intensity, capable of making all disagreeables evaporate from their being in close relation with beauty and truth."

Turning to a more technical feature of the work, one may say that seldom has a learned discussion of changing methods in the use of a metre been made to serve so good a purpose as does Mr. Colvin's account of the heroic couplet from its use by Chaucer to its use by Keats; for through this precise and scholarly discussion one is made better able to understand the difficulty of the work which Keats performed, to perceive the nature and cause of some of his faults, and hence to prize his excellences all the higher.

But the feature of the work for which the general reader will feel most grateful is its interpretation of meanings—especially the interpretation of *Endymion* as a parable of the experiences of a poet's soul in its quest after beauty. The author's justification of his analysis of this baffling and tantalizing poem is so sound and so eloquent—it so rightly upholds the value of poetry as a form of thought—that it may be regarded as perhaps the most important single passage in the book. "But why take all this trouble, the reader may well have asked before now," writes Mr. Colvin, "to follow the argument and track the wanderings of Endymion book by book, when every one knows that the poem is only admirable for its incidental beauties, and is neither read nor well readable for its story? The answer is that the intricacy and obscurity of the narrative is such as to tire the patience of many readers in their search for beautiful passages and to dull their enjoyment of them when found; but once the inner and symbolic meanings of the poem are recognized, even in gleams, their recognition gives it a quite new hold upon the attention. And in order to trace these meanings and disengage them with any clearness a fairly close examination and detailed argument are necessary. It is not with the simple matters of personification, of the putting of initial capitals to abstract qualities, that we have to deal, nor yet with any obvious or deliberately thought-out allegory; still less is it with one purposely made riddling and obscure; it is with a vital, subtly involved, and passionately tentative spiritual parable, the parable of

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the experiences of the poetic soul of man seeking communion with the spirit of essential beauty in the world, invented and related, in the still uncertain dawn of his powers by one of the finest natural born and intuitively gifted poets who ever lived."

Mr. Colvin has been kind to common readers; he explains the more recondite parts of his subject with patient care, but with no lack of zest. He quotes freely for illustration, and thus when he remarks for example upon that "vein of airy and genteel vulgarity" into which Leigh Hunt was notoriously prone to slip in his verses, no one need be in any doubt as to his precise meaning. Throughout his book, he employs a method of treatment as serviceable as it is sincere and honest. Scholars will welcome his work not only because of its fulness and unity but for its interesting and authoritative discussions of obscure and difficult points.

MADAME ADAM. By Winifred Stephens. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company, 1917.

The life of Madame Adam, which has stretched from 1836 to 1917, is so rich in historic and spiritual values that no amount of literary labor and skill could well be wasted in recording and interpreting it. This remarkable woman, happily named "*la grande Française,*" has lived through the Revolution of 1848, the *coup d'état* of 1851, the heartache and misery of the siege of Paris, and two invasions of her beloved country. Politically, as mistress of a leading salon, as founder and editor of *La Nouvelle Revue,* as for many years the intimate friend of Gambetta, of Thiers, and of other French ministers as well as of many representatives of foreign nations, she has been a power. In the sphere of literature, her intimate acquaintance with such eminent writers as George Sand, Flaubert, Victor Hugo, Alphonse Daudet, Pierre Loti, Paul Bourget, and Maurice Barrès, has given her that initiation which is almost essential for the full and prosperous development of a great personality.

Intellectually brilliant, gifted with tact and personal magnetism, and with rare beauty, Madame Adam was always able to exert an immediate influence upon those about her. Deeply emotional, passionately sincere, moved by strongly felt moral convictions, she has experienced in their fulness and helped to guide some of the most significant tendencies of her time. At the age of twenty-two, three years before John Stuart Mill began to write his *Subjection of Women,* Madame Adam (then Juliette Lamessine) wrote an answer to Proudhon's attack upon women in his work *La Justice dans la Révolution et dans l'Église* —an answer which presents, says the biographer, "a bird's-eye view of the whole field of feminist reform." She was one of the earliest French women to see and welcome the possibility, realized in the present war, that women might do the work of men. During her whole life, through all vicissitudes, and in spite of her changes of opinion upon other matters, she has been a passionate believer in self-government.

Thus her life so far as the greater issues are concerned has been guided by a moral intuition which has made her at once clear-sighted and enthusiastic, a woman of the world and a prophetess. But there

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is another side to her temperament—a side not so easy to appreciate.

Juliette Lamber (the future Madame Adam) was born in a period of great social and political unrest. She was brought up in an atmosphere of emotional stress, of family quarrels, of contending creeds and theories, of dramatic scenes, revolutionary enthusiasms, dogmatic scoffings, spiritual excesses of all kinds. In those days, where cynicism did not prevail, the light of the ideal was over everything. Emotions were cultivated; fervors were encouraged. Romance—that tendency to put feeling in the place of moral intuition and to seek happiness by insisting upon seeing things as they are not—was at its height. By virtue of a strong constitution and a sound mind, Madame Adam fell a prey neither to nervous prostration nor to romantic fatuity; but she was a woman of her time, and without a thorough understanding of the conditions surrounding her early life it is not easy either to understand her point of view or properly to appreciate her greatness.

To do either with the sole help of the present life-story requires an undue effort. For while the biographer has striven earnestly to put in an adequate background and to explain motives with accuracy and *rapport,* the fact would seem to be that the best performance of this task requires rather more literary skill than she possesses. One ought after reading this biography to be able completely to sympathize with that frame of mind which led Madame Adam, though she did not desire an aggressive war upon Germany, to goad Gambetta continually toward the idea of *revanche;* with the motive which made her hostile to England and blind to the advantages of English rule in Egypt, with that strange contradiction by which her passion for revenge carried her, after many years of skepticism, "toward a religion whose Founder had refused to countenance such a sentiment." As it is, one cannot help feeling that such predominances of emotion over reason are out of character in a woman undoubtedly of great intellect.

A certain indefiniteness, too, in regard to some of the principal personages with whom Madame Adam had to do leaves the account of her life rather painfully unfinished. "To write Madame Adam's biography," declares the biographer in her preface, "is also to write one of the most momentous chapters in French history." This being the case, it is unfortunate that any reader should be left in serious doubt as to what opinion he should hold, for example, of Gambetta. "An opportunist" surely—but a great man or a little? a really large personality or a *poseur?* Some new light on his character really ought to be shed by this rather intimate record. Perhaps enlightenment on this point is to be had from the book, but it taxes the reader's powers of inference to find it.

Doubtless every one who turns from this volume to Madame Adam's own writings will find fulfillment of his expectation that the latter, through their brilliance, their charm, and their earnestness, will very largely interpret themselves. The biography may serve a good purpose in directing the attention of English-speaking readers to these volumes of reminiscences, and it may prove valuable also as an intelligent and readable summary of material not elsewhere gathered together and unified. As a piece of biographical writing, however, it falls somewhat short of being a masterpiece.

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MARK TWAIN'S LETTERS. Arranged with comment by Albert Bigelow Paine. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1917.

The chief interest of Mark Twain's letters is not, of course, an informational interest, but a literary interest. For a clear, connected, and fully adequate story of Mark Twain's life, with a sufficient flavor of his own style and his own opinions, one would turn of course to the admirable biography by Mr. Paine.

Lovers of Mark Twain need not be told that every line that he ever wrote is stamped with the mark of his mind, that characteristic quality of style that simply in itself gives joy by its vigor, its humor, and its poetry. In one of the earliest letters of his that has been preserved, one finds him describing a number of men whose clothing had become coated with ice as resembling "rock candy statuary." Much later in an equally striking phrase he declares that when he chose the artist Beard to illustrate *A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court* he had "gone netting for lightning bugs and caught a meteor." It is idle to pile up examples of this verbal felicity, essentially poetic but with the unanalyzable element of humor added. It is enough to say that instances of it abound in the letters, and that in consequence one at least of Mark Twain's literary qualities is as fully available in these as in anything he ever wrote.

But, always admitting that we may get sufficiently acquainted with the man through his biography, what reason is there, if any, for putting the letters of Mark Twain on a level with the best of what he wrote for publication? Mark Twain, it has been said, was a better artist than philosopher, and a better philosopher than thinker. If, then, he was not a profound thinker, why should his letters deserve more than the amount of interest which affection for the man as revealed in his formal works can inspire? For surely letters are inferior as works of art to narratives, tales, and essays.

To this there can be but one reply. Every true lover of Mark Twain's writings is ready to maintain that in a very true sense this great humorist and story teller was a profound thinker. It may be safely admitted, perhaps, that he was not a great logician or a great scholar. But he was profound, as poets are profound. He expressed fundamental things in human terms; he was elemental. Thus, in his mind, moods, fancies, intuitions, affections, opinions and those guesses that we call convictions, attained a clearness, an adequacy of expression, and a significance which most of us yearn for but are helpless to acquire.

If the chief business of life is the transmutation of experience into character, then the precisely analogous process in literature—that of transforming memories into phrases expressive of one's inmost character—is of similar importance. In novels, or in poetry, too often, this process is but dimly perceptible. In the familiar writings of such a man as Samuel Clemens it is seen plainly at work.

It is wonderful in reading these letters to see how all manner of things—things commonplace, things tragic, things irritating, things obscure, are transformed and refined and made to contribute to the merriment or to the spiritual value of life by the magic of Mark Twain's point of view. How the homely words, flying straight to

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the point, stimulate and reconcile, and emphasize the burden and the privilege of living!

Mark Twain's letters seem to contain experience and emotion and thought enough to fill several ordinary lifetimes. Through them one gets the oddest, the most varied glimpses of the spectacle of human life. Through them one is able to share in more events and situations than the most generously planned novel could well be made to contain.

But of Mark Twain in his letters, as in his books, we never weary. His personality never loses its hold upon us, because it is always at work doing for us what it is the chief office of a great personality in literature to do—making life more livable for us by communicating to us its sense of humor and its sense of tragedy.

And so it involves no disparagement of Mark Twain as an artist to place the volumes containing his collected letters among his greatest works.

ADVENTURES AND LETTERS OF RICHARD HARDING DAVIS. Edited by Charles Belmont Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1917.

The presumption that a man so variously experienced, so widely acquainted with all sorts and conditions of men, so keenly observing, as was Richard Harding Davis, must have had much more to tell than he actually did tell in any of his writings intended for the public, is doubtless strong enough in itself to awaken anticipatory interest in his posthumously published letters. But there are not a few who will be drawn to the perusal of Davis's letters by something more than the promise of "adventures" in the title of the volume which contains them. The creator of "Van Bibber" and of "McWilliams" certainly endeared himself to a large public—and especially, perhaps, to that portion of his original public which is now approaching forty years of age. One does not envy the man—if such there is—who in youth could not grow sentimental over *Phroso* or who did not believe, for a time at least, that *Soldiers of Fortune* was the best story ever written. Never to have relished the full flavor of the Van Bibber stories, with their sophistication and their chivalrous sentiment, is to have missed something out of one's life. Romance has a way of fading, to be sure, and perhaps it is inevitable that even those earlier tales of Davis's should lose their freshness—though *Gallagher* turns out, upon re-reading, to be as wonderful a short-story as it originally seemed. At all events, those who fell in love with "Hope Langham" or grinned over "McWilliams" in their teens received an emotional stimulus very nearly as wholesome as it was pleasurable—an experience that is to be remembered with gratitude.

And so a great many persons who had no acquaintance with Davis will approach the reading of his letters with friendly interest.

Richard Harding Davis as a boy longed to become a writer, and he hardly thought of any other profession than authorship. "He never," his brother tells us, "even wanted to go to sea, or be a bareback rider in a circus." He planned his career. After his graduation from Lehigh University he prepared for his life-work by taking special studies in Johns Hopkins, and as soon as his academic training was over he set zestfully about the accumulation of literary material and the acquirement of journalistic experience. In 1886, when he

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was twenty-two, he took his first trip to Cuba, with which country he promptly fell in love. After his return to the States he entered newspaper work in Philadelphia, the city of his birth, being employed first by the *Record* and afterwards by the *Press*. Becoming acquainted, in London, with Arthur Brisbane he received from him and accepted the offer of a position upon the *Evening Sun*, and in this paper, during his connection with it, his *Van Bibber* stories were first printed. In 1890 he left the *Sun* to become managing editor of *Harper's Weekly*. By a special arrangement with the Harpers he spent part of his time in editing the *Weekly* and part in traveling and writing special articles. His first trip as a special correspondent was a journey to Texas in 1892, made for the purpose of accompanying the expedition that was looking for the revolutionist Garza, who was supposed to be hiding on this side of the border. This was the beginning of that successful and adventurous career which furnished Davis the materials out of which he wove his brilliant stories of fact and fancy. The letters are rich in the qualities that gave savor to all this author's books. They abound in varied scenes, adventures, types of character, all graphically and familiarly sketched, all touched with humor and with the glow of romance.

Finley Peter Dunne has said that Davis "probably knew more waiters, generals, actors, and princes than any other man who ever lived." In point of fact, he was as fortunate in knowing people of genius as he was happy in his faculty for touch-and-go contact with people of a less permanently desirable type. Among the friends of his father's family, when Richard was a boy, were Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, Mrs. John Drew, Mrs. Barrymore, the Joseph Jeffersons. Booth and Boucicault were frequent visitors at his home. In Davis's early letters "Old Dr. Holmes" figures more than once. Among the persons well known to this promising youth were Henry Irving, Ada Rehan, Ellen Terry, and Augustin Daly—friends who might well do more than stimulate a precocious interest in the stage. As for the interesting people Davis knew in later years—celebrities, tramps, people of rare gifts or merely of picturesque personalities—a list of them would fill pages.

It is pleasant to find the agreeable personal impressions of an author that one has drawn from his writings confirmed by the closer knowledge that his familiar correspondence gives: the discovery that literary quality springs from personality is always freshly satisfying. In Davis's letters one finds the bravely humorous attitude toward life, the generous and chivalric disposition, the immense capacity for enjoyment, and the unstaled love of adventure, that his books evince. One learns, too, that his sentiment sprang from the heart of a genuinely "home-loving and family-loving" American.

It cannot truly be said, however, that these letters are of equal value with the author's best stories either of fiction or of fact. Davis profited by the restraint of form and the reserve which is imposed upon an author. Freed from this, he was witty, imaginative, amusing, but superficial, gossippy, somewhat too facile. Some of his letters rather conspicuously fail to attain that unconscious distinction which sometimes imparts a higher quality to unstudied notes than to formal compositions.

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FIGHTING FOR PEACE. By Henry van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1917.

In these trying days we read with gladness every clear and personally assuring utterance concerning the war, especially when such utterances come from persons eminent in mind and character. Indeed a sort of duty rests upon all those to whom we are accustomed in any way to look up, an obligation to say what they can, to express what is in their hearts.

This duty has been performed by Henry van Dyke in his recently published book, *Fighting for Peace*. Among other things, this volume is, of course, a record of a diplomatist's experiences. It contains a good deal of fresh and interesting writing about the abortive efforts toward a Hague conference just before the storm broke upon Europe, about the attitude of Holland in the earlier period of the war, and about the important relief work carried on in that country. But most of all it is, like many "war books" of today, an attempt to clarify opinion and to concentrate feeling upon the right points.

So far as these objects are concerned, Dr. Van Dyke has been eminently successful. As the work of an idealist and peace-lover, of a man slow to think evil and not quick to anger, the book will have more than double the effect that could be produced by any impassioned tirade. Moreover, as the work of a true, albeit a very modest, literary artist—one skilled to stir feeling and at the same time to keep it within bounds, able to sublimate emotions of horror and indignation into high motives, capable of communicating to others his own steady faith and sane optimism—this little treatise, partly narrative, partly apologue, partly exposition, makes a peculiarly direct and wholesome appeal to readers of all classes. In decisive, well-measured phrases, the author shows how every peace-lover can and ought to reconcile love of humanity with patriotic zeal for a victory over the German war machine. In notably clear, homely, and inspiring language, he tells just what kind of peace it is that America is fighting for.

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OUR WAR WITH GERMANY

IX

(*November* 14—*December* 4)

THE change in publication date of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW rendered necessary by the difficulties of distribution encountered under war conditions, makes our ninth monthly review of "Our War with Germany" coincide with the close of the eighth calendar month of American participation in the great struggle. It has been a month of steady progress in the chief task before this country, that of preparation for the real field work that is yet to come, but there has been no announcement of any conspicuous achievement by American forces in that period. Just at its close official publication was permitted of the news which had been whispered about among the knowing insiders for several weeks that the so-called "Rainbow division" of National Guard troops was safe in France. This division is composed of men from practically every State in the Union—hence its name. It was transported across the Atlantic without the loss of a man, and without any untoward experience. Announcement of its arrival was withheld by the authorities in this country until the news was passed by Gen. Pershing's censor.

The outstanding events of immediate importance in the war during this review period occurred chiefly in other lands, and with slight, if any, American participation. One, the result of which cannot yet be measured even in estimation, was the complete collapse of government under responsible authority in Russia, and the triumph of unrestrained radicalism under the pro-German Bolshevik leaders Lenine and Trotzky. Kerensky, in flight or in hiding, seems definitely out of the reckoning as a factor in Russia's future, although in the maze of conflicting reports from that troubled land there continue to come some which indicate the possibility of a revival of his influence. There are reports also that General Kaledines, the leader of the Cossacks, is coming to Moscow with an army that aims at the overthrow of the Bolshevists and the restoration of responsibility in the government.

Meantime Lenine and Trotzky, having thrown all of Russia's engagements with her allies to the winds, and having published the confidential papers in the Foreign Office files, have offered an armistice to Germany and are proceeding, at this writing, to enter upon negotiations with the German representatives. Germany approaches the desired negotiation with a certain caution and reserve, which seems well grounded in view of Trotzky's announcement that every word of the negotiations is to be taken down and published, and that Germany is to be asked to answer certain interesting questions. They are not

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specified, but if they conform to the record of Lenine and Trotzky it can be well understood that it will be exceedingly difficult for the German representatives to answer them satisfactorily to the Russians and at the same time retain their influence in Berlin. It would be an extraordinary thing if this Russian collapse should yet prove to be a factor in fomenting disturbance in Germany.

News from the Italian front has been cheering as that from Russia has been discouraging. The Italian army that was so hard pressed when it reached the line of the Piave as to make it almost touch and go whether that line could be held or not seems now to have definitely mastered the situation. It has recovered its self-confidence and made good its stand on that river, so that the official reports from Berlin and Vienna tell of Italian rather than of German offensive actions. And just as this is written the announcement is made that the British and French reinforcements are in position along the river, and that danger of further advance by the Teutonic forces is minimized.

This news from Italy comports with the reports from the British front in France, where Lieutenant-General Sir Julian Byng genuinely surprised the Germans, in the latter part of November, and threw them back something more than six miles, in front of Cambrai, and made gains along a thirty-two mile section of his line. General Byng commanded the Canadians in their great victory at Vimy ridge last spring. For this attack he gave the Germans no warning by way of artillery preparation. He relied on the tanks, and the dash of his men, to get through the wire entanglements and over the obstructions, and his calculations were right. Starting with a rush, and without preliminary and warning fire, on a misty morning, his men were on top of the Germans before they had an inkling of what was coming. It took the surprised Germans some time to recover, and before they got reinforcements and stiffened their defenses their lines had been badly broken, many thousands of prisoners and some hundreds of guns taken.

There have been reports that General Byng got the suggestion for his change in methods from a remark by General Pershing, soon after he went to France, to the effect that no substantial gain was likely to be attained on either side except by the adoption of new tactics. But there is no confirmation for this. There are reports which seem authentic, however, that in some of the furious fighting which has been going on in that sector since Byng's surprise attack detachments of American troops have borne themselves with conspicuous gallantry.

America's chief part in the war—outside the routine of preparation at home and in France—has been the participation in the Allied War Council in Paris. The fight on Lloyd George which was precipitated by his announcement in Paris, when on his way back from Rome, of the formation of this council, came to its crisis just as Colonel House and his colleagues reached London. Lloyd George met it squarely in a speech in the Commons. A singularly felicitous coincidence was the receipt by Colonel House of a telegram from President Wilson saying that the United States Government considered unity of plan and control between all the Allies essential to the achievement of a just and permanent peace.

The French Government which took the initial steps toward this

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Allied Council having fallen on one of those questions of the propriety of the conduct of a member of the Chamber which have upset so many French cabinets, Clemenceau the "Tiger" became Prime Minister just in time to head the French delegation in the Allied Council.

The Council met at Versailles on November 29. Colonel House having deftly suggested in advance that the Council was organized for work, not for oratory, speeches were omitted, and its deliberations were over and the members on their way home in three days. The first reports are that much of substantial benefit was accomplished, although no particulars were announced, except that an agreement had been reached for standardization of aeroplanes for allied service.

The reception to the Americans in London and Paris demonstrated again the enthusiasm in Britain and France over American participation in the war, and the readiness to receive American suggestion shows that appreciation of what our part may ultimately be.

Naval participation, in the way of convoying ships and hunting submarines, has continued in the same quiet, effective way, and although there has been a little increase in submarine sinkings in the latter weeks as compared with the first of the month, the total for the period was encouragingly low. One stirring tale of American activity was permitted to sift through the censorship. It recounted how two destroyers sighted a submarine, and first one and then the other dashed across its trail, dropping depth charges, some of which were successful. The submarine was forced to the surface, and when its crew surrendered the destroyer men endeavored to tow the submarine to port. They got a line to it, but the Germans had opened the sea cocks and the prize sunk.

Army preparation at home has seen the cantonments and camps brought nearer to completion, and the belated supplies of clothing for the men brought to such a stage that issues of woolens could be increased, especially in camps where colds and pneumonia were becoming unpleasantly frequent. Toward the close of November Surgeon-general Gorgas published the fact that septic pneumonia was prevalent in some of the camps, following an epidemic of measles. The shortage of equipment has been felt only in the camps in this country. All the men who had gone "over there" have been fully supplied, and full supplies of everything are in reserve in France to meet all possible requirements.

The ever present and ever pressing problem of labor has continued throughout the month to furnish the greatest anxiety to those who are charged with responsibility for carrying out the Government program of production. The situation is one of extreme difficulty on both sides. In some lines of employment wages have either not increased at all or the increases have not been at all commensurate with the increased costs of all the necessities of life that the men and their families must buy. With costs of living what they are, and with wages generally so high, and especially with employers often endeavoring to hire men away from one another by voluntarily increasing wages already very high, it is not surprising that there should be unrest and dissatisfaction among many of the men. The leaders of organized labor, as a rule, have worked in close co-operation with the government to prevent any

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curtailment of production through stoppages of work. They have had some difficulty in securing compliance with their instructions by their followers. Disturbances on the part of shipyard workers on both coasts have threatened constantly, but thus far all but rather minor troubles have been prevented. The railroad brotherhoods, who secured the enactment of the so-called eight-hour law during the Presidential campaign of last year, have now submitted a demand for wage increases for the men on the eastern roads which would aggregate about $109,000,000 a year.

In a letter to Judge Chambers, Commissioner of Mediation and Arbitration, President Wilson, discussing the railroad labor situation, intimated that the Government might be forced to take over the running of the roads. Of the implied threat on the part of the brotherhood men to strike the President said: "It is inconceivable to me that patriotic men should now for a moment contemplate the interruption of the transportation which is so absolutely necessary to the safety of the nation, and its success in arms, as well as to its industrial life. . . The last thing I would wish to contemplate would be the possibility of being obliged to take any unusual measures to operate the railways."

Judge Chambers continued to exert himself to effect a settlement, but every day brought only conflicting reports of what the men and the roads would agree to do. Finally, on November 19, Fairfax Harrison, chairman of the Railways War Board, wrote to Judge Chambers saying: "As no interruption of continual railroad operation can be tolerated under war conditions, we are ready, should any crisis now arise, unreservedly to place our interests in the hands of the President for protection and for disposition as he may determine is necessary in the public interests."

On November 20 the convention of the American Federation of Labor voted unswerving loyalty to the country, and a determination to stand behind the Administration until peace comes.

Two days later the four brotherhood chiefs had a two hour conference with the President at the White House. At its close they issued a statement saying: "If a situation should arise which would threaten the interruption of transportation the men would be more than willing to discuss and consider any solution of the difficulty which presented itself, doing so in the spirit of patriotic co-operation, and would undoubtedly co-operate with the Government to the utmost extent in arriving at a just, equitable as well as patriotic conclusion."

The White House also issued a statement saying that the President got from the conference "exactly the impression conveyed by the statement of the heads of the brotherhoods, namely, that the men whom they represented were not inclined to contend for anything which they did not deem necessary to their own maintenance and the maintenance of their families."

Meantime both operating and financial conditions with the roads have become well nigh desperate. Traffic congestion has become such that the Railways War Board has seriously considered the curtailment of non-essential industries. A list of 450 non-essential commodities was prepared, to which there were added 75 other commodities shipment of which might be dispensed with or postponed until the con-

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gestion is relieved. The board prepared a statement showing the enormous increase of traffic caused by the war. In the first five months of our participation in the war the traffic was 16 per cent higher than in the corresponding period of 1916; 50 per cent greater than in the same months of 1915, and greater than the total traffic of any year prior to 1904. Coal movements were 18 per cent greater than in the corresponding period of last year. There were 150,000 more cars of anthracite and 751,000 more cars of bituminous coal than last year, and still there are complaints of coal shortage. The railroads have moved 116,000 carloads of freight to army cantonments and National Guard camps, and 17,000 cars for the Shipping Board. The passenger traffic has been the largest ever known, and in addition to that the roads have carried 1,200,000 soldiers to camps, cantonments and ports. The movement of troops has involved the use of 2750 special trains, and the camps are taking 75,000 cars of supplies every month.

On November 23 the Railways War Board moved to secure relief without waiting for action by the Interstate Commerce Commission or Congress. A number of suggestions were made, including abandonment of competing passenger service and the pooling of all roads east of Chicago. The next day it was announced that the Board had given directions covering these suggestions, after consultation with government officials. The operating vice-presidents of the eastern lines met in Washington on November 26 to work out pooling plans. They encountered many difficulties which will demand legislative relief. They resolved on pooling all available facilities and appointed a committee of seven to take charge of the pool. This is another of the numerous violations of the Sherman law which the war has proved to be absolutely necessary, and to which the Government is a party. These war experiences may well bring to a climax the demand for the amendment of repeal of the Sherman law which began in a Presidential message to Congress twelve years ago.

In a speech at Baltimore about the middle of November Secretary McAdoo made public the startling information that the ordinary expenditures of the Government were running about $325,000,000 a month, instead of the billion a month that had been estimated. The expenditures of the War Department, for instance, had been about 50 per cent of what had been estimated. This was perhaps only another way of admitting that the margin between what we had been doing in the way of production of supplies for our Allies and the total of our productive capacity was not as great as had been estimated. We could not spend as much per month as had been figured because we could not make as much more than we had been making as we estimated we could. Loans to our Allies aggregate more than three billions. Actual credits to them by the Treasury run $500,000,000 per month, but cash disbursements against these credits were considerably less, and of these a very large part was for purchases in this country, so that these transactions involved chiefly shifting of credits. On November 1 the United States held one-third of the world's total stock of gold.

Congress met for the regular session on December 3, and received the estimates from the different departments for the fiscal year 1918. They aggregate something more than thirteen billions without counting

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any loans to our Allies. Of this incomprehensible sum the War Department asks for about ten billions.

Throughout the month Dr. Garfield, the Fuel Administrator, has been in trouble over the prices and the supply of coal. Price adjustments have been made in some cases, always up, with a view to increasing production and permitting wage increases. An increase of 35 cents a ton on anthracite was made to cover a demand for more wages. Labor troubles have threatened throughout the month, and there has been much difficulty about priority of shipments in order to prevent hardship. Coal production is far ahead of last year, but consumption has increased also so greatly that there is an actual shortage of about 50,000,000 tons. Preference in shipment has been ordered generally now, covering Government orders, railway fuel, domestic requirements, public utilities and munition plants.

On November 23 the producers of bituminous coal in Ohio, West Virginia, Kentucky, Pennsylvania, Michigan and Tennessee pooled their output, with the sanction of the Government. It was another case of war necessity and never mind the Sherman law. The Government is the only one that can prosecute for violation of that law, and the Government is a partner in the violation.

November saw another reorganization in the Shipping Board, caused this time by the ill health of Admiral Capps, general manager of the Emergency Fleet Corporation. He was not in good health when he undertook the task, and the overwork to which he subjected himself increased his illness so that he had to ask for relief. Rear Admiral Harris, chief of the Bureau of Yards and Docks of the Navy Department, was appointed to succeed him, Mr. Hurley, chairman of the Shipping Board, having asked for the appointment of an officer of Admiral Capps's corps to succeed him. An announcement of the construction program of the Shipping Board shows that it has in prospect 1409 vessels of an aggregate deadweight tonnage of 8,363,808.

At this writing, President Wilson is about to deliver his eagerly awaited address to Congress.

[*This record is as of December 4 and is to be continued.*]

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CONTEMPORARY ECHOES

THE TRIAL BY FIRE

(*From the Boston Evening Transcript*)

"We are still in the honeymoon stage of our war," remarked an American the other day, anent the attitude of the people and press of the United States ever since the Government declared war against Germany, nearly seven months ago. The significance of the observation was not weakened by its source, for the observer was a citizen whose leadership has added a distinguished, perhaps a lasting, contribution to the statesmanship of the world. The desire of the people and their press to let bygones be bygones and to overlook every blunder once the willingness to correct it became apparent, was born of a wholehearted determination to unite the nation as completely and as quickly as possible and mass its might behind the Government, to the end that the war may be won, not next month, nor next year, nor the year after, but as soon as possible.

But the honeymoon is coming to an end. The supersensitiveness to criticism will soon slough off. When the war began Colonel George Harvey set up a standard for course and comment to which the press and public of the nation rallied at the time and to which they have for the most part adhered: "Fair play for the Government; whole truth for the people." In the last number of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, Colonel Harvey has strengthened that rule of conduct by the addition of five words—"and nothing but the truth." It was well enough while the war was still in "the honeymoon stage" to accept the substitution of pleasant generalities for unpleasant specifications in respect of the conduct of the war, but the day is at hand when in return for fair play for the Government there must be "whole truth for the people and nothing but the truth." That is one lesson of the second Liberty Loan campaign. It has helped to bring home to the people the nationality of the war. They are beginning to see now that they are preparing to fight as their fathers fought in the sixties, not in pursuit of some dim, distant phantom, but in defence of a principle as clear to their eyes as it is near to their hearts. They have entered upon this war to defend the security of their own freedom, and they are coming more and more to realize that whether "we shall nobly save or meanly lose the last, best hope of earth" will depend upon whether we win or lose this war.

Thinking on these things they cannot but recall and they will be more than ever careful in the future to keep before them this warning of Abraham Lincoln upon another occasion. "No personal significance or

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insignificance can spare one or another of us. The fiery trial through which we pass will light us down in honor or dishonor to the latest generation."

A TRUMPET CALL

(*From the Rochester Post-Express*)

Colonel George Harvey's patriotic article, entitled "E-y-e-s Front!" in the October number of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, is like a trumpet call, summoning the embattled strength of our people to smite and conquer the foes of democracy.

He uses strong language, but not by any means too strong. He says: "'The Divine Right of Kings' is played out." That is the meaning, as he interprets it, of President Wilson's reply to the Pope. As Colonel Harvey forcibly puts it, "the United States of America serves notice upon the world that it will have no more dealings with the Divine Right of Kings, or with a government based upon that blasphemous and inhuman principle; and all the Allied Powers, republic, kingdom and empire alike, respond, 'We, too!'"

The German "reptile press" has lyingly pretended, Colonel Harvey goes on to say, that the President is trying to meddle in the domestic affairs of Germany and to "dictate its form of government." Of course, Germany has a right to say who shall rule over her. But America has an equal right to say whether she will recognize the government chosen by Germany. We cannot trust a government that started the war on "the pretext of a lie" and that has treated a solemn treaty as a "scrap of paper." The *Cologne Gazette* maintains that the entire German people will stand by the Kaiser. If this be so, the German people must, in Colonel Harvey's vigorous words, "recognize and accept the consequences, and these consequences must inevitably be that we shall have to treat them as we are now treating their government."

Another thing said by Colonel Harvey is that "treason must be made odious." The phrase was used by Andrew Johnson, "one of the least remembered of our presidents." It is well to recall it now. Treason against the United States consists in levying war against it or giving aid and comfort to its enemies. The traitors in our midst must beware of the penalty they incur by assisting the enemies of the United States. Finally Colonel Harvey insists on the thorough Americanization of America and quotes the words of Washington addressed to his countrymen: "The name of American which belongs to you in your national capacity must always exalt the just pride of patriotism more than any appellation derived from local discrimination."

In this great struggle against autocracy the alien who settles in the United States must be "in heart and soul American."

TO AMERICAN MOTHERS

(*From the Sioux Falls Press*)

We call attention to an important article from the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW which we print this morning on this page in the columns given

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to comments from other newspapers and magazines. The facts and figures presented by the writer of the article should go far to relieve the current apprehension as to the perils of modern warfare. Perilous though war by its nature must always be, it is a fact demonstrable by records that the death and other casualty rate is less in this war than in any great wars which have preceded it. This gratifying truth is well presented by the article to which we refer.

We would not for a moment seek to minimize the sacrifices made by the men who go to war, and by the parents who give their sons to the nation's need. It is necessary to appreciate the serious side of it. But it is not necessary, and it is wrong, to exaggerate the danger. The cheering phases of the subject should by all means be emphasized when the facts justify.

One of the elements that have contributed to a prevalent opinion that the chances are all against the enlisted man surviving the conflict is the flood of narratives of personal experiences or personal observations in isolated instances of great slaughter. The more ghastly the word-picture the more vividly it becomes fixed on the reader's mind. We do not stop to think that these are the exception, and far from being the rule. And when we learn of hundreds or thousands being killed or wounded in a campaign we do not always consider that millions were engaged. But probably the factor that has gone farthest to excite extreme fear is the insidious propaganda of the pacifists and the agents of pro-Germanism. Constantly they strive to picture men sent to Europe as being poured into a veritable hopper of death.

Mother's heart is wrenched severely when her boy leaves home to go to war. Realizing that she may never see him again she is, at the moment of parting, almost certain she has lost him forever. It is a way of mothers the world over, and it will always be the same. But let us make sure she is not needlessly tortured all the time he is absent. Let us show her, by straightforward calculations based on honest figures, that he will probably come back.

We urge mothers to read the article from the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, and to clip it out to show to other mothers. The facts and figures presented were regarded by Senator Sterling as of sufficient importance to justify him in having the clerk of the United States Senate read it to that body while the soldiers' and sailors' insurance bill was under consideration, as a basis for calculating the insurer's risk.

BATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK

(*From the Tacoma News*)

Gloom pervades a picture drawn by Colonel George Harvey in the current NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW of our next steps into the world war. Danger lurks, he believes, in the pinch of paying the war taxes needed to provide the huge war budget so patriotically voted; there is a menace in food control and price fixing, even when in the hands of an idealized Hoover, he thinks; conscription, a masterly stroke, cleverly put over by the President at the peak of war enthusiasm, is doomed to a reaction, and the Colonel has us doddering within months talking to ourselves, trying to figure out why we went to war, anyway.

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Possibly it will hurt to pay the war taxes, discriminations will occur in food control and price fixing, often neither consumer nor producer will be satisfied, both will feel aggrieved; the selective draft measure may not continue to have smooth sailing, but with our new troubles there will come additional fortitude and when we do awaken to "our peril and the need that confronts" us, we will meet them with determination and decision. One thing can help us immeasurably in this. That is to get at the facts as to the progress of the war.

Already there has been too much of this thing of men in positions of authority setting themselves up as master minds, assuming a competency to decide what the people should know and what they should not know, themselves changing their own minds about it two or three times a week, or, as Colonel Harvey says: "Upon a Monday decide that, as a matter of policy, the country should be reassured, forthwith it is done; upon a Friday conclude that it is the part of wisdom to alarm the people; the task is easy; revised reports, previously misapprehended, presage unexpected danger, perhaps disaster. In each instance the facts revealed confirm all that the facts concealed refuted."

It is "a bad, a viciously bad system of political battledore and shuttlecock certain only to fetch dismay to one's own and to bear cheer to one's enemy!" continues Colonel Harvey. "It has worked ill in England; it must not be attempted in America. The whole truth for the whole people!"

WHAT, INDEED?

(*From the Hartford Courant*)

Among the matters editorially discussed in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW in Colonel Harvey's lively manner is "The Case of La Follette." After carefully weighing La Follette's specific offense, he has the courage to say that "there is no ground for a charge of treason," and utters a warning against "building precedents likely to crumble fundamentals and to plague posterity." The only question is: Ought the Senate to purge itself by expelling La Follette? The only precedents that bear upon this case "do not warrant the drastic action proposed." The conclusion to which Colonel Harvey comes is that for the present La Follette should be endured as any other pest. To enable him to pose as "a martyr" would be bad policy.

After indicating the fundamentally objectionable features of the war revenue act, Colonel Harvey raises the question, "Must we go to jail?" and discusses the espionage act with a refreshing frankness, saying, "It is only a question of time when this 'REVIEW' will be stopped and we shall be sent as far along the road to jail as the courts will permit." Heaven forbid! And yet why not? It is all very well for Colonel Harvey to make merry with Mr. Roosevelt and with "Senator Brandegee's nutmeg factory," but when he rips and rends the sacred revenue act, criticizes Congress, and even dares to speak disrespectfully of Mr. Claude Kitchin, who hails "from that great industrial and commercial center, Scotland Neck, North Carolina," especially when he ventures to question Mr. Burleson's right or fitness to superintend the public press of the country, and declares the espionage act to be a "wicked, vicious, tyrannous thing

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that ought never to have been enacted," ought he not go to jail? We tremble for him. We forsee him imprisoned, and are only consoled by the hope that, like Bunyan in Bedford jail, he may be inspired to write another immortal allegory, "The Political Pilgrim's Progress!"

Alas! what shall we do when the NORTH AMERICAN is suppressed and Colonel Harvey is in jail?

APATHY DISAPPEARING

(*From the Beaumont Enterprise*)

Colonel George Harvey, in the current issue of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, asserts that America is too apathetic about the war. He thinks the predominant spirit is of loyalty to the government rather than to the cause. "Our country, right or wrong," seems, to the mind of this able editor, the compelling force animating the nation, rather than a sober and solid appreciation of what we are fighting for.

Perhaps Colonel Harvey is right. But the situation which he describes can not exist much longer. We may be apathetic now, so far as exterior appearances go, but that apathy will give way to energetic thought and feeling as soon as our troops get into action, or as soon as our ships engage in a naval battle. At heart the American people are for the war. Really they appreciate the dangers we are facing. They are silently, but none the less determinedly, making preparations to go the route, to stay until the game is over.

Apathy is dangerous, as the editor of the REVIEW says, but apathy of the kind that now exists loses its dangerous possibilities when we consider that it is but temporary. We fail in proper realization of the magnitude of the task before us merely because we have not yet gotten it in true perspective. The first casualty lists will give us that perspective, and we shall then see the nation wake up with a degree of energy quite different from the present indifferent condition. The American mind will then perceive actualities, and with that perception will come the resolve for action, and action that will mean the speedy end of the war.

Apathetic we are, perhaps, but give us a bit of time. What time will bring in lieu of apathy is the thing the Kaiser must fear most.

THEY WILL NOT BUDGE

(*From the Albany Knickerbocker Press*)

Colonel Harvey in his latest article on the war quotes James Russell Lowell as saying that "the ten commandments will not budge." And the Colonel adds that Germany has violated "openly, brazenly, defiantly and shamelessly" every one of the lot. He says further that Germany must pay in full.

The ten commandments are, after all, the backbone of society. It would do the present generation much good to be more familiar with them. Human experience does not present an instance in which they have been broken without punishment. The new dispensation of the New Testament was able to add to them a commandment or two which have softened human

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manners, but it was not able to relieve a jot of the weight which the old commandments carried.

Let those who shudder at the punishment justly due the Hohenzollerns and their dupes read over again the ten commandments. Does anyone suppose they were uttered idly or without purpose? It makes no difference what they think—" the ten commandments will not budge."

PUNGENT READING

(*From the Bookseller*)

To read the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is to be cognizant of the present-day political and biographical affairs written with a keen appreciation of essentials, and a broadness of vision that recommend the famous veteran among the standard magazine to the discriminating and cultured reader. One turns to the editorial article for confirmation or opposition to one's opinion; and whether one agrees or not there is a brilliancy of touch and comprehensiveness that makes it always pungent reading. Its book department, always worth attention, contains in the present issue a review of special note. It is on Wells's *God the Invisible King,* which occupies eight pages, which attests to the importance of the book. Although its caption is " The Book of the Month," we venture to predict that its literary life will exceed thirty days. It is a review of unusual literary distinction, and the reviewer, Lawrence Gilman, has felt the power of Wells's savage sincerity. The exceptions that Mr. Gilman has taken to its weaknesses will do much toward bringing the book to the attention of other keen thinkers. In spite of the ridicule he has enjoyed indulging in, no man of the critic's analytical discernment would give so much space to a book of casual interest.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ALSACE-LORRAINE AND "ECONOMIC IMPERIALISM"

SIR,—In the November number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW was printed an article entitled "The Problem of Alsace-Lorraine," by Mr. Sydney Brooks. Although a very scholarly presentation of a much mooted subject, presenting economic arguments infrequently heard, yet the conclusions and the motives which inspire its writing are greatly to be deplored.

Mr. Brooks's argument is substantially this: Give back Alsace-Lorraine to France largely because it contains the richest iron field in Europe. Deprive Germany of this great resource, for she will then be unable to rebuild a militarism which will again menace the world's peace; and which will, although Mr. Brooks very wisely minimizes its significance, also destroy Germany's trade and commercial prosperity. Further than this, German coal must be kept out of the iron fields of Alsace-Lorraine to prevent the securing of these products through the medium of exchange. And to counteract this possibility, England must supply France with the necessary coke to operate these fields; while he implies that Germany must be absolutely excluded by a tariff wall from any such trade whatever.

This argument, thoroughly sound in its conclusion, provided its premises are just, is a very fine re-enunciation of that economic imperialism which has, in part at least, brought about not only the present war, but all the great wars of modern history. An economic imperialism caused the scramble for concessions in China in 1898 and 1899, partly checkmated by Secretary Hay's two notes proclaiming the policy of the Open Door; brought about the clash between Russia and Japan in the Orient in 1904; and apparently moved Japan in the present war to occupy Tsingtau and to enforce upon China her famous Twenty-one Demands. The same motives caused France to quarrel with Germany at Algeciras and Agadir over the economic penetration of Morocco. It has been the desire of Germany and Russia to mutually exclude each other from the markets of the Balkans which culminated in the murder at Serajevo. It has been the *Drang nach Osten* which led to the Teutonic visualization of a *Mitteleuropa* extending from the Baltic to the Persian Gulf; which led to an unholy alliance with the Turk, and attempted the construction of the Bagdad railroad: all in a scramble for protected markets, trade concessions, and economic monopolies.

Now Germany has committed all the crimes known to God and man in the present war; and this in itself is sufficient justification for America's entrance into it. But Mr. Brooks would extend the repre-

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hensible principles of the past into the settlements of the future. He would deprive a state of her natural rights to trade and development for fear that she will again use any such advantages for imperialistic purposes. While, on the contrary, he would give to a neighboring nation, France, the same privileges which he would deny Germany on the ground that the former is, by some unknown logic, more able to trustworthily exercise them than the latter. In other words, he would institute a trade war; he would prolongate the present struggle for blood into one for subsistence. Such principles were bespoken by the Allies' Economic Conference at Paris in the summer of 1916; and they brought forth a well-deserved condemnation not only from the general world of public opinion, but from President Wilson himself in his answer to the Pope's peace proposal of last August.

Every nation has a right to develop its resources, extend its trade, and provide for the welfare of its people so long as it does it legitimately. German philosophers and rulers have led their people to believe that this was impossible because of the "encircling policy" of the enemies about them. Hence they won a common assent to the present war. The only way to change this attitude of the German masses is to give them a normal, legitimate opportunity for trade and colonial expansion. This cannot be done by the "establishment of selfish and exclusive leagues" or by the erection of tariff walls such as Mr. Brooks suggests for Alsace-Lorraine. If Mr. Brooks would destroy German military power by depriving her of Alsatian iron, he might *a fortiori* advocate the partition of the German Empire itself, a *reductio ad absurdum* to which even Mr. Brooks is not likely to accede.

The United States has demanded that any peace Germany enters into must be guaranteed. This can be done by the democratization of the German Government, the limitation of all armaments, Allied and Teutonic, and the establishment of a League to Enforce Peace. Along with these methods might be added another: that of freedom of trade, the destruction of protected markets, which have proven the cause of so much illicit rivalry and sinister suspicions.

Now I am no Democrat. If the world is to be governed on the same basis as it has been in the past, protection is a logical necessity to the independence of nations desiring military power. But if a new era of international good-will is to be ushered in, it must be on a new economic basis which will include the right of reciprocal trading between nations, without any artificial restriction.

No one can honestly desire the retention of Alsace-Lorraine by Germany. Many, however, are dubious of France's right to these provinces. Louis XIV, in the minds of many, was just as wrong in wrenching them from Germany as was Bismarck in retaking them in 1870. Whatever form the settlement may take, Germany is entitled, by all canons of right and expediency, to exchange her coal and coke for the iron and steel of these two provinces. In fact, she has just as much right to trade with them as she will have to send her manufactures to America after the war is over. If Germany is democratized, as she inevitably will be, and if armaments are universally limited, the nations of the world have no right to fear that the new Germany will prostitute her trade in such products for dynastic lusts.

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The entrance of America into the war brings with it the optimistic hope that she will be able to inculcate into the warring Powers new principles of internationalism which will prevent rather than accentuate the insensate ambitions of the past.

Occidental College, Raymond L. Buell.
Los Angeles, California.

VIEWING DR. FLEXNER WITH ALARM

Sir,—It is not without painful and justifiable alarm that we read of Dr. Abraham Flexner's plan to open a modern school at Teachers' College of Columbia University, the curriculum of which will discard "uncongenial and obsolete classics" "in favor of those studies for which an affirmative case may be made out."

That such a man as Dr. Flexner would consider offering an anti-cultural curriculum is incredible; that he sets at naught those subjects which have through the ages contributed to the softening of barbaric tendencies is appalling; that he has the prestige of a great university is almost criminal. (Were it not a platitude, we would say that Germany is a fair example of the Utilitarian Idea raised to the tenth power.)

If Dr. Flexner's efforts could be limited to a private clientele which, in pitiable ignorance of the higher purposes of education, was willing to accept a base metal for gold, his influence would not be a national menace. Certainly the deficiencies of our present school system are not due to a preponderance of cultural studies that is "damaging good taste," as he would have us believe, but rather to the lamentable groping with "methods."

Dr. Flexner's idea is not new; it has been followed, probably not in theory, for many years, in a large section of this country, with the resultant crudeness of society delighting in cheap amusements, inflaming literature, and a loathing of dignified repose at all times. In your December 1916 issue a most convincing article by Margaret Sherwood anent the question of culture sounded a note of warning which evidently was not sufficiently loud.

Perhaps you Easterners chuckled at Dr. Flexner's daring, and straightaway forgot him, but to us who send to Columbia hundreds of teachers who regard as gospel all they hear, it is not a movement to be ignored.

Can't you publish something that will awaken a widespread revolt against such fallacies?

Orange, Tex. Mary S. Hemson.

OUR SOLDIERS "WITHOUT A COUNTRY"

Sir,—This country contains a special group of citizens numbering some ten or twelve millions. They are, almost without exception, native-born. A large proportion of them have a longer American pedigree than either Colonel Roosevelt or President Wilson. Fifty thousand of their fathers and grandfathers fought as volunteers in the United States Army between 1861 and 1865. Many of their youths today are in the army. Many more are eager to enter it. In General Carter's article, printed in your November issue, he gives a list of the number of the workers in a

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Western establishment, classified according to the nations they represent. The list is headed "Nationality," and begins thus: "Americans, 1,522." This is followed by such proper designations of people belonging to thirty-two different nationalities as "Armenians," "Welsh," etc. Then comes just an adjective, not a national name, for the thirty-third group; "Colored," with its number in service, "433." After that the list resumes its proper method and gives correct national titles to three other sets of workers, even where only a single person represents his particular nation, as "Finlander."

Why should nationality be tacitly denied to any group of American citizens? Is it likely to stimulate patriotism to be thus left drifting "without a country" by a General of the United States Army, with an adjective tossed at them to hold on to? If for any reason in General Carter's argument it was, as it may well have been, desirable to indicate racial difference, the part of a patriot and a great official should have been to make that indication respectfully. His list should have been worded:

"White Americans, 1522."
"Colored Americans, 443."

NEWTONVILLE, MASS. LILLIE BUFFUM CHACE WYMAN.

SEND T. R. TO RUSSIA

Sir,—I have read with much interest "The Problem of our Colonel" in the current issue of the REVIEW, and, in my opinion, the problem could easily be solved if the President would sink his personal feeling against him and adopt the suggestion of Mr. Snodgrass, our Consul-General at Moscow.

You may recall that the latter, upon his return from Russia, in an interview as to the conditions prevailing in that country, concluded by saying that there was just one man who could offset the German propaganda and convince the Russian people that we were with them heart and soul in their struggle, and that man was Colonel Roosevelt.

The Root Commission was well enough in its way, but the members were not known to the mass of the people, and more than this, they (the people) were not in a condition to appreciate cold logic and be told in stately phrases what we proposed to do, because they were afire with their new-found power and needed some one like themselves to weld the differing classes into a harmonious whole—someone who was known to them as a man of action and sincerity. In this connection I will venture the assertion that there is not a Vilayet in Russia where the name and fame of Colonel Roosevelt are not known, and where he would not be received with enthusiasm.

Thousands of American, Democrats and Republicans alike, feel that the President is playing pretty small politics in studiously ignoring the Colonel, and they naturally resent it for practical as well as patriotic reasons.

NEW YORK CITY. O. T. ROBERTS.

YOUTH AS AMERICA

SIR,—In reading Mrs. Bishop's letter in a recent issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW on the "American look," it has occurred to me that

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the figure of Uncle Sam no longer symbolizes, if indeed it ever wholly did symbolize, the American spirit and character.

We cannot think of any phase of America's development in terms of gray-headed age—nor is shrewdness the main or only attribute of American character—though humor, we trust, always may be.

It would be gratifying if some of our well known artists could portray a better type of American manhood than that represented by Uncle Sam, embodying some of those traits that seem so essentially American: youth —"slim and nervous"; interest unsatisfied; humor; vision—keen and unafraid.

AMSTERDAM, N. Y. E. SANFORD.

FROM A LAD OF EIGHTY-EIGHT

Sir,—I am now 88, but several friends lately have told me I look as young as I did twenty years ago. I have had a stake set to live 'till 90, but now I have pulled it up and set it at 100. If I live so long, I will want THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW all the time. Continue same address.

SAN JOSE, CAL. J. H. MCCOLLOUGH.

OUR WAR NUMBERS

Sir,—Please send the October and November copies of the REVIEW and the December and January numbers when they appear. I greatly appreciated the war numbers, and regret I cannot now buy a lot to distribute.

SENECA, SOUTH DAKOTA R. HILL.

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